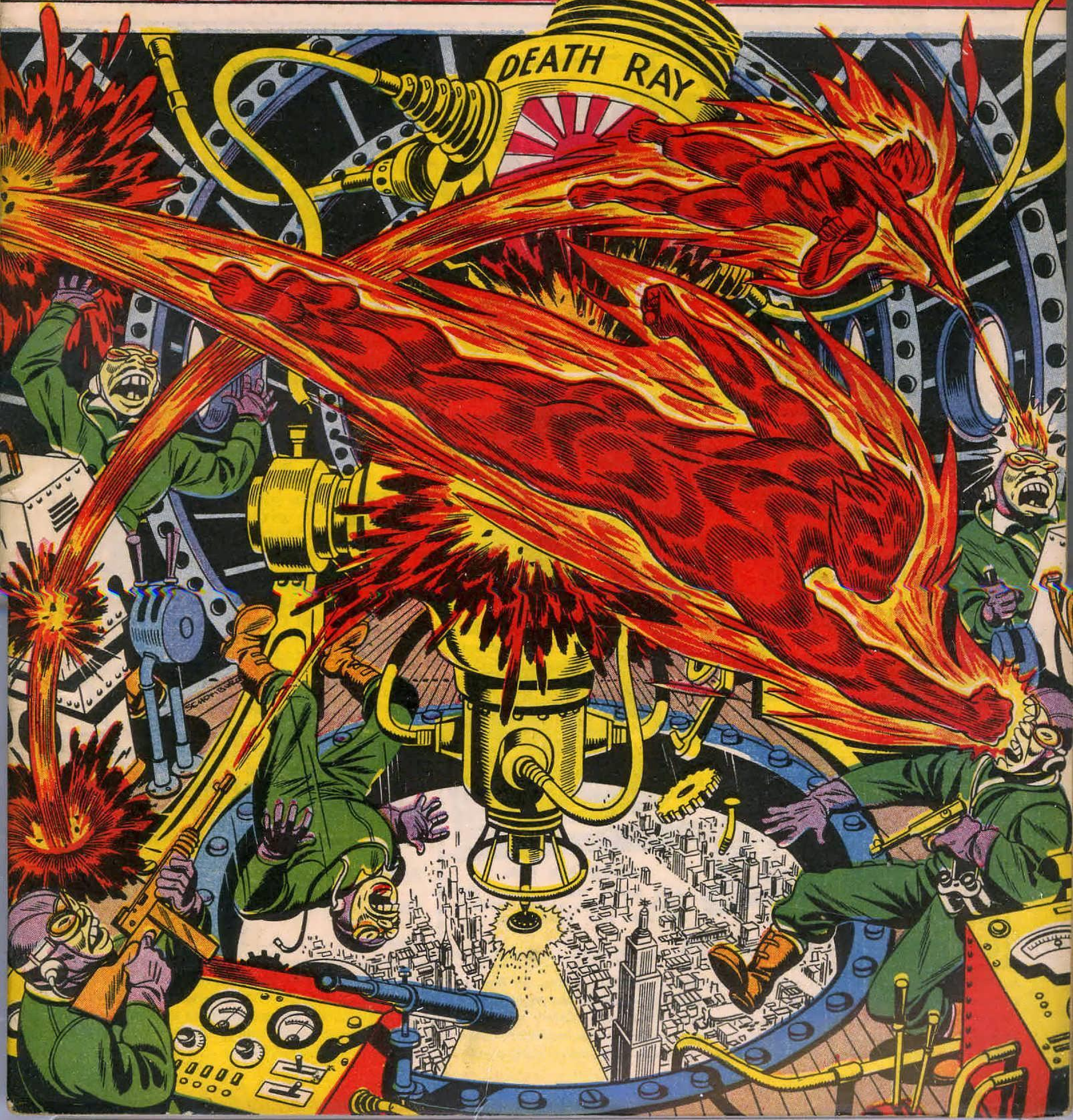
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

SEPTEMBER

NO. 66

10¢



New **ENLARGEMENT** **3¢ STAMP**

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

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You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

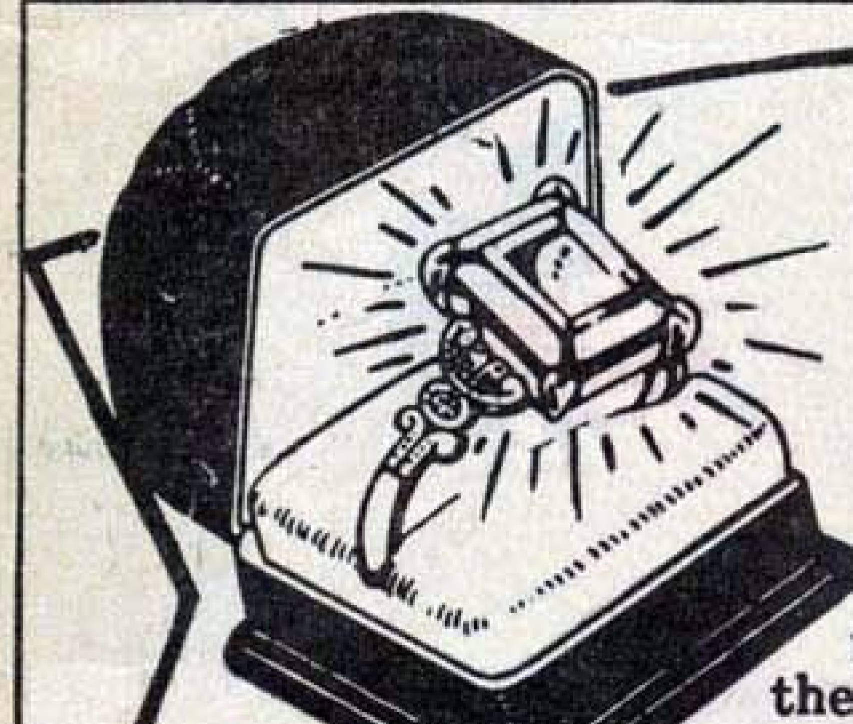
DEAN STUDIOS, Dept.1237, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept.** 1315 **211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name .... Color of Hair ....

Address .... Color of Eyes ....

City .... State ....



Given

Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order. **Send No Money Now.** Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known **"Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner"** at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

CAMERA
Candid type. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.

Birthstone RING
New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

6 TEASPOONS
The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

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Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD
Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

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Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

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Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

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3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.

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Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-435, Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-435 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

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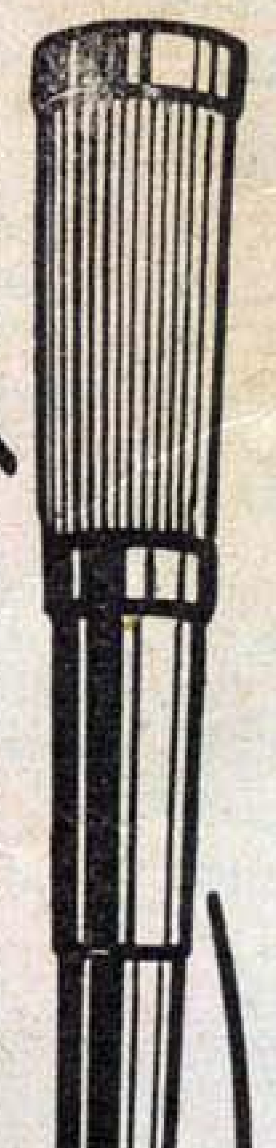
State .... Gift Wanted ....



6 TEA-SPOONS

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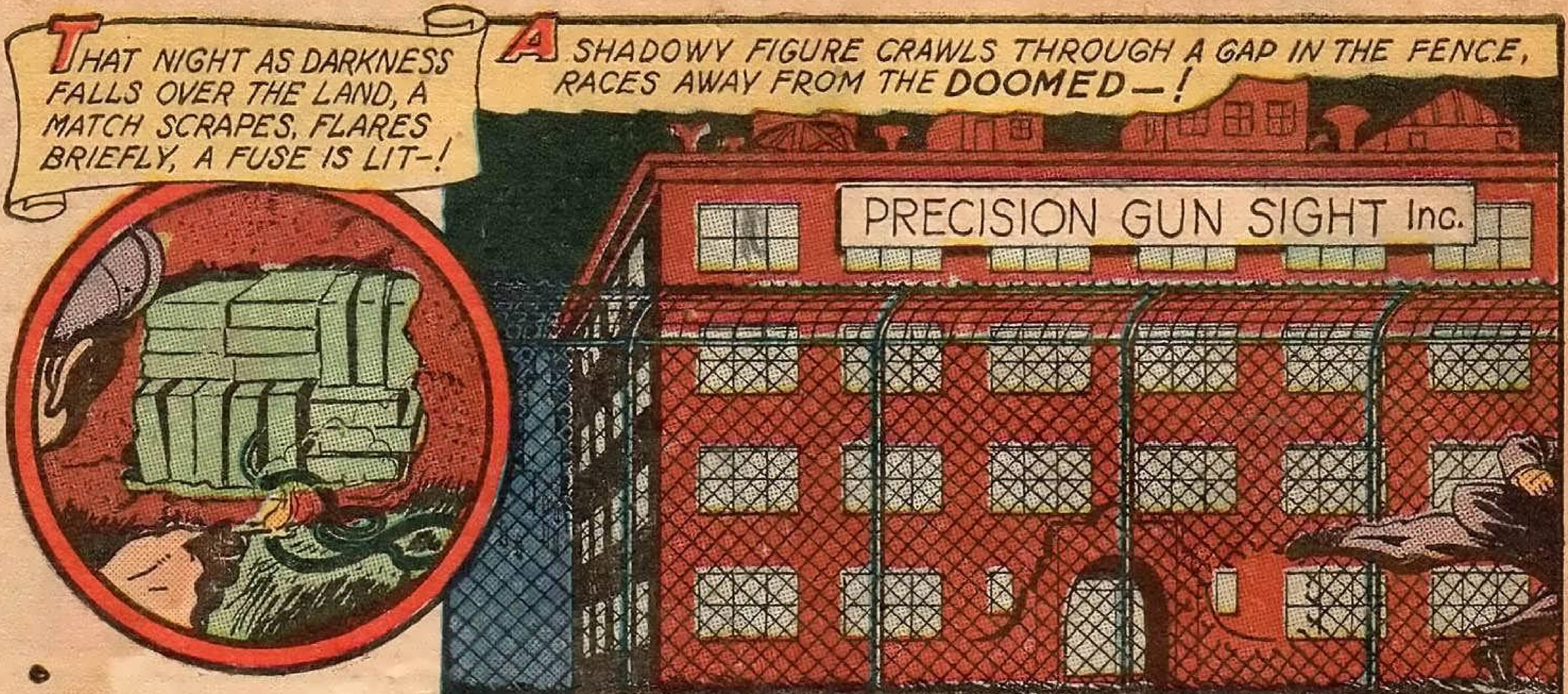
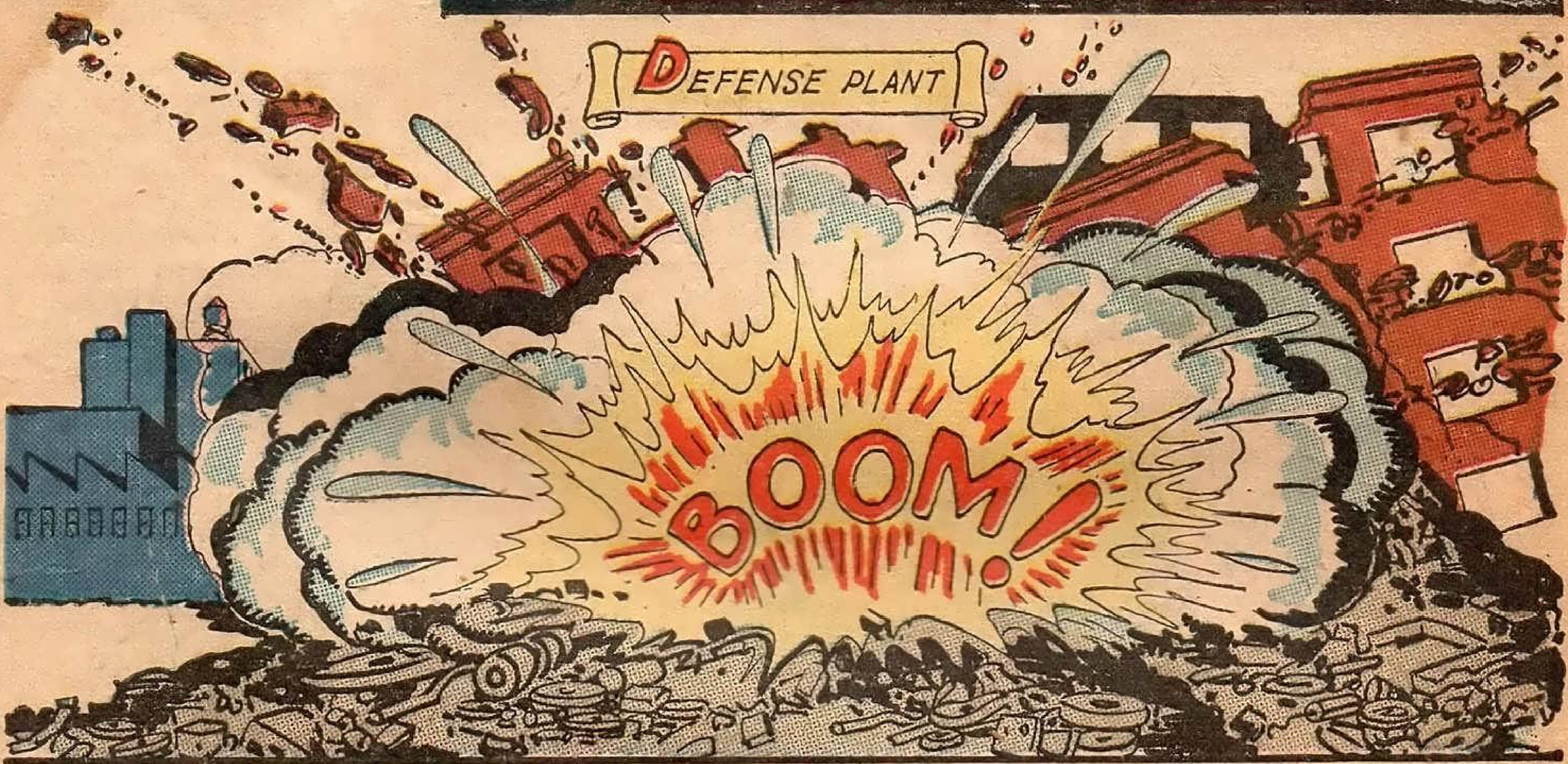
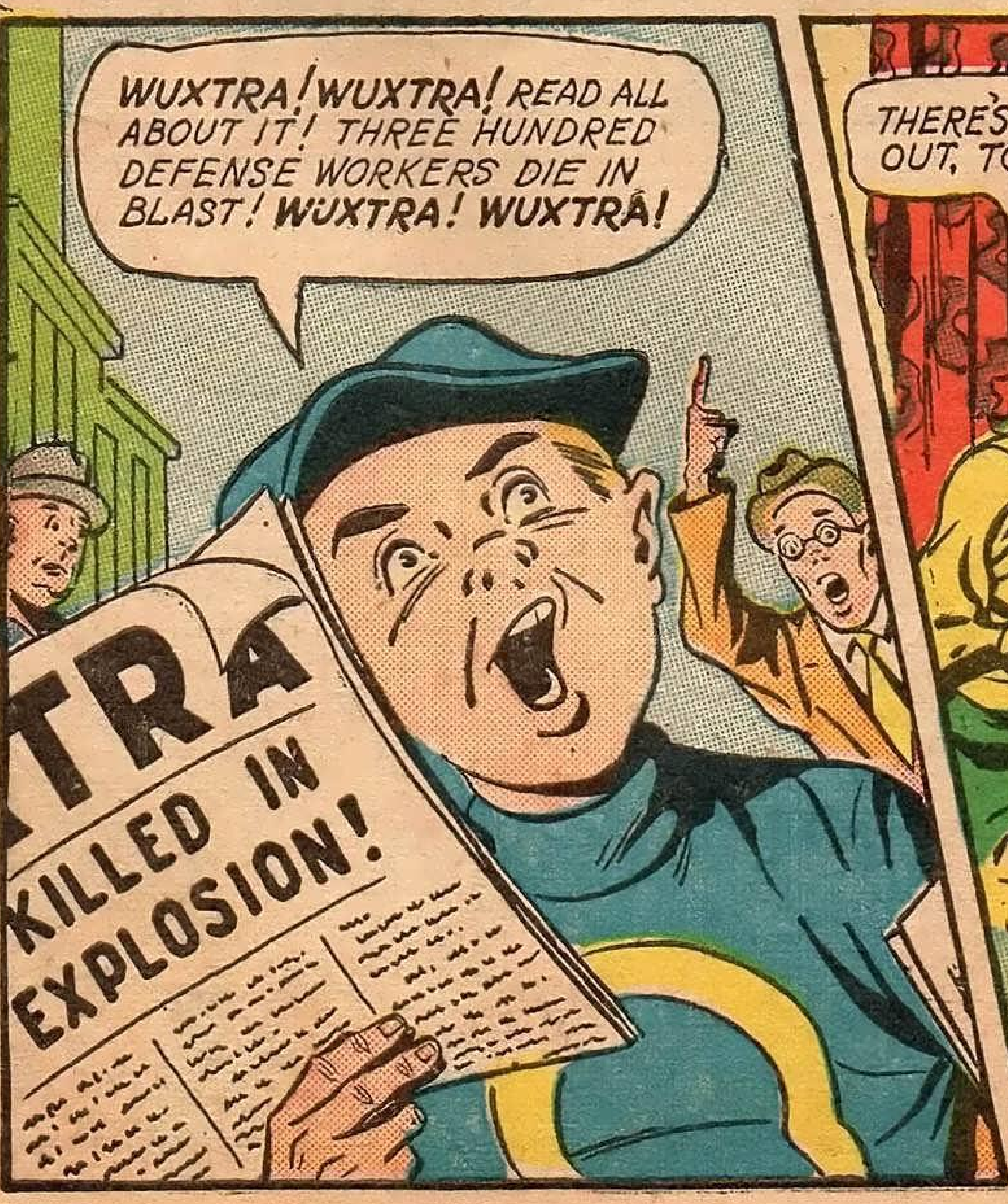
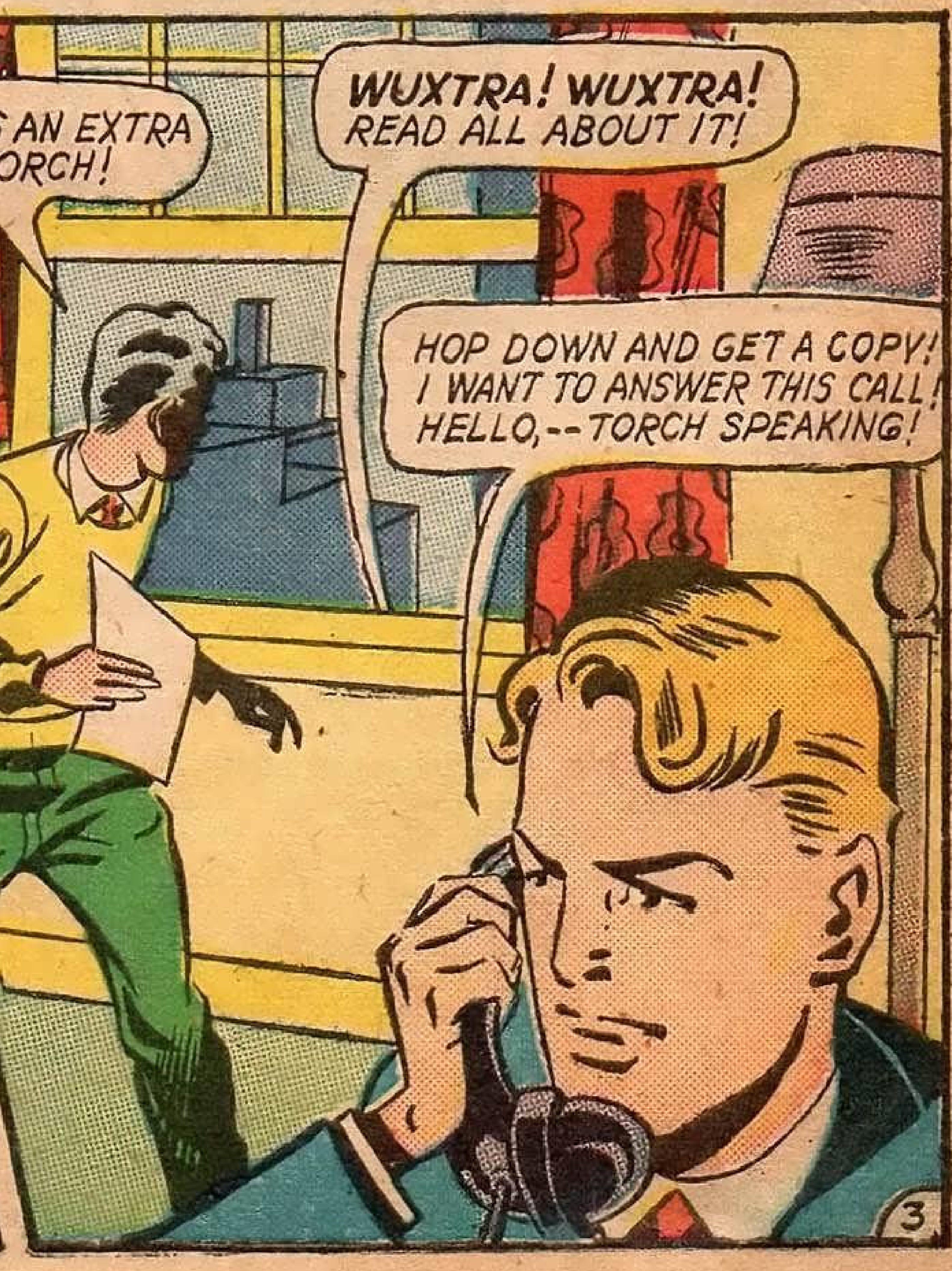
THE HUMAN TORCH
INTOLERANCE, TERROR AND MASS BUTCHERY ARE ALL THE WEAPONS THE NAZIS KNOW HOW TO USE! AND THEY USED THEM ALL IN THE TWO DAY CARNIVAL OF **DEATH, DESTRUCTION AND FEAR** THAT STRUCK THE LITTLE CITY OF WEIRFIELD! FILLED WITH HATE AND THE LUST FOR BLOOD, THEY RAN AMOK UNTIL THE **HUMAN TORCH AND TORO** TOOK UP THE TRAIL OF THE ...
"DEVIL'S MUTINEERS"

IN A DEFENSE PLANT MANUFACTURING PRECISION SIGHTS FOR THE NAVY'S BIG GUNS
THE PARTS ARE READY FOR ASSEMBLY, PETE! BUT HANDLE 'EM CAREFUL! THEY'RE ADJUSTED TO THE TEN THOUSANDTH AND THE SLIGHTEST JAR'LL KNOCK 'EM OUTT'A KELTER!
O'KAY, POP, I'LL GET SOMEONE TO TAKE 'EM DOWN! HEY, STOWSKI! C'MERE!
YAH, I COME! RIGHT AWAY!
TAKE THESE DOWN TO TRAVER'S DEPARTMENT! BUT HANDLE 'EM CAREFUL, SEE? HANDLE 'EM LIKE THEY WUZ GOLD, GET ME? DON'T DROP 'EM!
YAH! I HANDLE LIKE BABY! I NO DROP 'EM BOSS!
AS STOWSKI TURNS TO GO, THE FOREMAN GIVES HIM AN IMPATIENT SHOVE-!
I GET GOIN', BOSS! I RUN LAK-? OOPHS-!
YOU DUMB HUNKY! CAN'T I TRUST YOU WITH ANYTHING? TRAVERS IS WAITING FOR THOSE PARTS! THEY'LL HAVE TO BE READJUSTED AND THAT MEANS A WEEK'S DELAY ON THE NAVY ORDER!
I SORRY BOSS! BUT YOU SHOULD NO HAVE PUSHED STOWSKI!
WHAT? WHO PUSHED YOU? YOU CAN'T LIE YOUR WAY OUTT'A THIS! GO DOWN TO THE PAYMASTER AND DRAW YOUR TIME! YOU'RE FIRED! GET OUT!
I GO! BUT YOU NO GET AWAY WITH THIS! ALLA TIME YOU RIDE ME! CALL ME DUMB BOHUNK, HUNKY! I NO SO DUMB! I KNOW YOUR KIND! I GET EVEN SOME DAY! I GET YOU!
YOU'RE GOING TO GET EVEN, EH? GET OUT! BEAT IT BEFORE I SMASH YOUR HEAD IN! I'M NOT TAKIN' YOUR LIP!
LATER AT HOME, STILL BURNING WITH THE INJUSTICE OF THE FOREMAN'S ACT!
I WORK HARD! TRY FOR TO BE GOOD PATRIOT! TO SHOW JOY FOR LIVING IN GREAT COUNTRY! TO HELP IT FIGHT EVIL CLOUD OVER OLD WORLD! WHAT I GET? KICKS, BLOWS, SNEERS!
AH, JAN! THIS IS GREAT LAND! FOR EVERYONE LIKE THAT ONE, THERE ARE MANY KIND PEOPLE! HAVE FAITH!
FAITH, PAH! FAITH IN THESE HANDS TO WRECK VENGEANCE ON THOSE THAT HURT ME!
(SOB) PLEASE JAN, DO NOT BE BITTER PROMISE ME YOU WILL DO NOTHING FOOLISH! PROMISE! PROMISE!


THAT NIGHT AS DARKNESS FALLS OVER THE LAND, A MATCH SCRAPES, FLARES BRIEFLY, A FUSE IS LIT-!
A SHADOWY FIGURE CRAWLS THROUGH A GAP IN THE FENCE, RACES AWAY FROM THE DOOMED-!
PRECISION GUN SIGHT Inc.


DEFENSE PLANT
BOOM!


WUXTRA! WUXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! THREE HUNDRED DEFENSE WORKERS DIE IN BLAST! WUXTRA! WUXTRA!
XTRA
KILLED IN EXPLOSION!


THERE'S AN EXTRA OUT, TORCH!
WUXTRA! WUXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!
HOP DOWN AND GET A COPY! I WANT TO ANSWER THIS CALL! HELLO,--TORCH SPEAKING!

LANGDOM, TORCH! I'VE JUST HAD A REPORT ON THE WEIRFIELD BLAST! IT'S DEFINITELY ESTABLISHED AS SABOTAGE! I'M GOING UP TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE INVESTIGATION! YOU AND TORO WANT TO COME ALONG?
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
NEW YORK FIELD OFFICE
J. LANGDOM
CHIEF INVESTIGATOR
IF WE CAN BE OF HELP
THEN MEET ME AT THE AIRPORT IN TEN MINUTES!
TORCH FLAMES AS TORO COMES IN WITH THE PAPER!
RIGHT! SO-LONG, JIM! WE WON'T HAVE TO READ ABOUT THE BLAST, TORO! WE'RE MEETING LANGDOM AT THE AIRPORT IN TEN MINUTES! HE'S TAKING US THERE!
GOLLY!
MEANWHILE THE TOWNSPEOPLE OF WEIRFIELD ARE IN AN UGLY MOOD!
I TELL YOU THERE'S NO FIT PUNISHMENT TO FIT THE CRIME! THREE HUNDRED PATRIOTIC AMERICANS DEAD! WHO COULD DO SUCH A THING?
'COURSE I DONT WANT TO MAKE TROUBLE,- BUT JAN STOWSKI WAS AWFUL MAD 'BOUT BEING FIRED!
WHO WOULD'NT BE,-AFTER THE SCURVY WAY PETE TREATED HIM! YOU LEAVE JAN OUT OF THIS! HE'D CUT HIS THROAT 'FORE DOING A THING LIKE THAT!
BUT THE HARM IS DONE! THE NAME SKIPS FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH AND NATURAL BORN AGITATORS, FOR REASONS OF THEIR OWN, TAKE THE STORY UP, GARNISH IT, WATCH IT GROW TO ENORMOUS PROPORTIONS!
THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY! I CAN SAY WHAT I PLEASE! AND I SAY THAT JAN THREATENED TO GET EVEN AND DID!
AND I KNOW 'IM AND I SAY HE'S GOT MORE PATRIOTISM IN THE DIRT UNDER HIS NAILS THAN YOU HAVE IN THAT BIG MOUTH! NOW, SHUT UP! YOU KNOW WHAT A MOOD THIS TOWN'S IN!
..AND I GOT THIS FROM SOMEONE WHO KNOWS! STOWSKI IS OUR MAN! HE SAID HE'D GET EVEN! HE SAID; I'LL BLOW YOU INTO ETERNITY IF I HANG FOR IT! AND HE DID! ARE WE GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT?
GET A ROPE! HANG THE DIRTY TRAITOR
NO!! NO!!

AND SO A MOB IS FORMED! MOB!! A BRAINLESS, FORMLESS MONSTER! A TERRIFYING THING OF FURY AND IMPULSE AND, -- MURDER!!
WE WANT STOWSKI! WE WANT STOWSKI! WE WANT STOWSKI!
MEANWHILE, CHIEF LANGDOM'S PLANE, ESCORTED BY THE FLAMING DUO LANDS ON THE WEIRFIELD AIRPORT!
ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS HARRY?
A FEW SIR! OUR MOST PROMISING LEAD IS A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF --JAN STOWSKI! HASKINS HAS HIS HOME UNDER SURVEILLANCE! I-? THAT SOUNDS LIKE HASKINS NOW!
CALL FOR MR. LANGDOM!
CHIEF LANGDOM TAKES THE CALL IN THE AIRLINES OFFICE!
WHAT-? WE'VE GOT TO PREVENT IT! ASIDE FROM THE HUMAN ASPECTS, WE NEED THE MAN! HE'S OUR ONLY SUSPECT! I KNOW YOU CAN'T HANDLE THEM ALONE-! WAIT A MOMENT! TORCH!
THERE'S A LYNCH MOB HEADED FOR STOWSKI'S! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! WE CAN'T LET 'EM HANG AN INNOCENT MAN AND IF HE IS GUILTY, OUR BEST CHANCE OF CONTACTING HIS GANG THROUGH HIM WILL BE GONE!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, TORO!
YOU BET! WE CAN'T LET AMERICANS STOOP TO MOB RULE!
TORCH AND TORO FLAME OVER JAN STOWSKI'S HOME!
HOW'RE WE GOING TO SAVE HIM WITHOUT HURTING THE MOB?
WE'LL BE CAREFUL BUT THE MOB'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF ITSELF! A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE AND REGARDLESS OF THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM, IS NOT GUILTY UNTIL PROVED SO! NOW,---LET'S GO!!
AS THE ROPE PULLS STOWSKI OFF THE GROUND, THE FLAMING DUO-!
ALL RIGHT,--TAKE IT AWAY! KILL THE MURDERING BOHUNK!
SPEAKING OF MURDERERS YOU DON'T DO SO BAD YOURSELF!
LOOSEN THAT NOOSE AROUND STOWSKI'S NECK, LAD! I'LL DISPERSE THIS MOB!

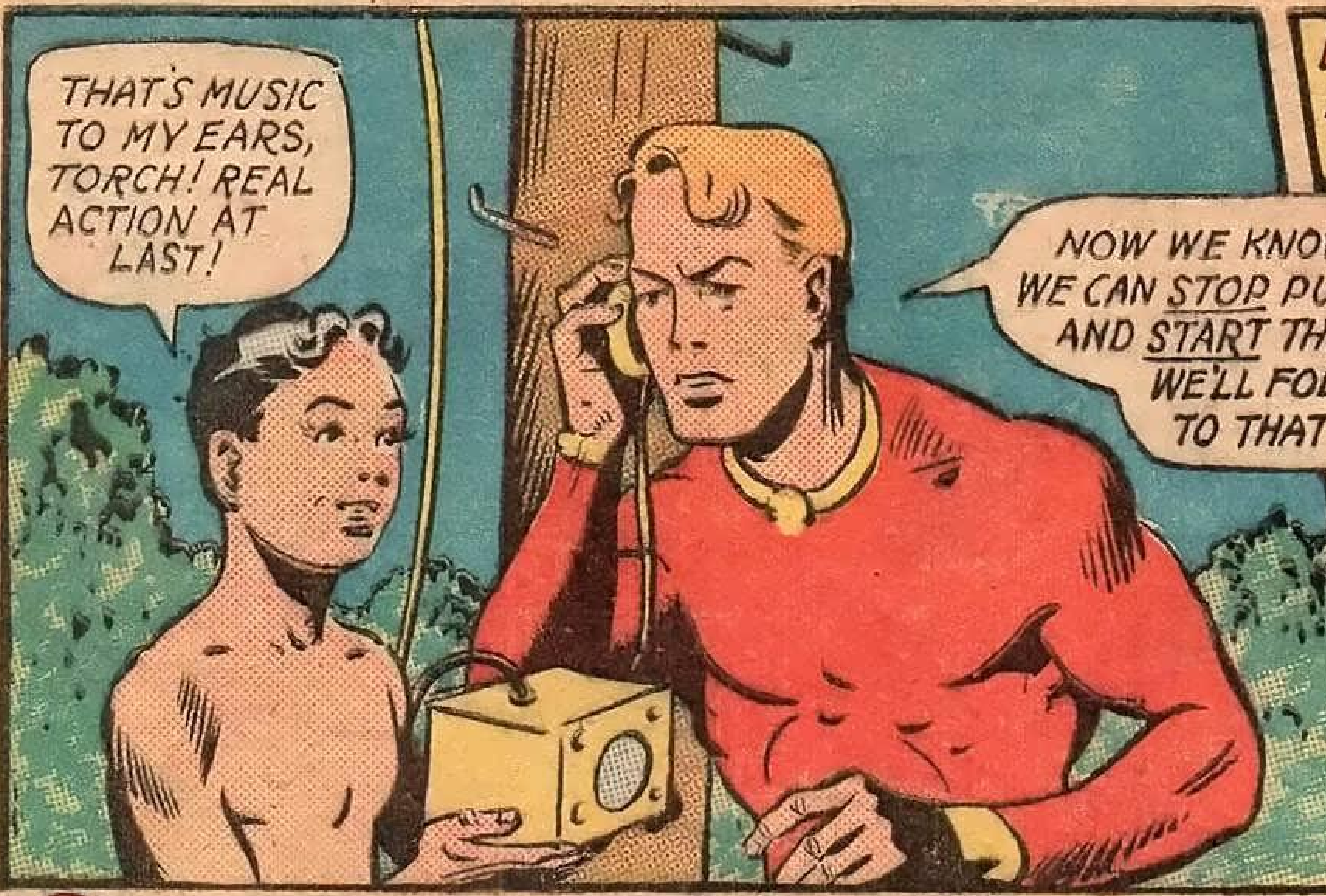
WHILE TORO OBEYS HIS ORDER, TORCH FACES THE MOB, WHO ENRAGED BY THE DUO'S SUDDEN ACTION STIR RESTLESSLY!
ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN GO HOME NOW! THE SHOW IS OVER!
WHO IS HE TO TELL US TO GO HOME?
A SWELLING, SULLEN ROAR OF FURY SWEEPS THE RANKS, FANNED BY THE AGITATORS IN ITS MIDST!
DO WE LET THESE INTERLOPERS CHEAT JUSTICE, PREVENT US FROM PERFORMING OUR PATRIOTIC DUTY?
STOWSKI'S STILL BREATHING TORCH! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO SAFETY!
I KNOW TORO! THE MOB'S IN AN UGLY MOOD! WE'D BETTER GIVE THEM SOME FIREBALLS!
BUFFETED BY TWO EMOTIONS, THE UNTHINKING, HEEDLESS FURY AROUSED BY THE BIG MOUTHED AGITATORS AND IT'S RESPECT FOR THE DUO'S FLAMING BARRIER, THE MOB HESITATES!
MAKE 'EM GIVE STOWSKI UP! **WE WANT STOWSKI--!**
COME AND GET HIM! BUT I WARN YOU, GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE! STEP RIGHT UP, SIR! WHO'S GOING TO BE THE NEXT ONE TO GET BURNT?
G'WAN, HE'S ONLY BLUFFING! **GET STOWSKI!**
I NOTICE THE MAN WITH THE LOUDEST VOICE, THE BIGGEST MOUTH IS ALSO THE FURTHEST AWAY FROM THE BATTLE LINE!
SAY! TORCH IS RIGHT!
WITH THE SUDDENESS OF A RAY OF SUNLIGHT STABBING DOWN THROUGH THE DARK CLOUDS OF A SUMMER STORM, TORCH'S WORDS SOBER THE MOB, TURN THEM AGAINST THEIR LEADER!
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! HE'S ONLY TRYING-? AWK!
YEAH! SHUT HIM UP!
TORCH TAKES OVER THE GATHERING, DELIVERS A SHORT, BUT TO THE POINT,--SERMON!
I DONT KNOW THE FACTS ABOUT MR. STOWSKI, BUT I DO KNOW, THAT IN **AMERICA** WHICH IS A WORLD WIDE SYMBOL OF TOLERANCE AND FAIR-PLAY, WE DONT HANG A MAN UNTIL HE'S PROVED GUILTY!
TORCH IS RIGHT! WE'VE LET OURSELVES BE CARRIED AWAY BY OUR EMOTIONS! LET'S BREAK IT UP, GANG!

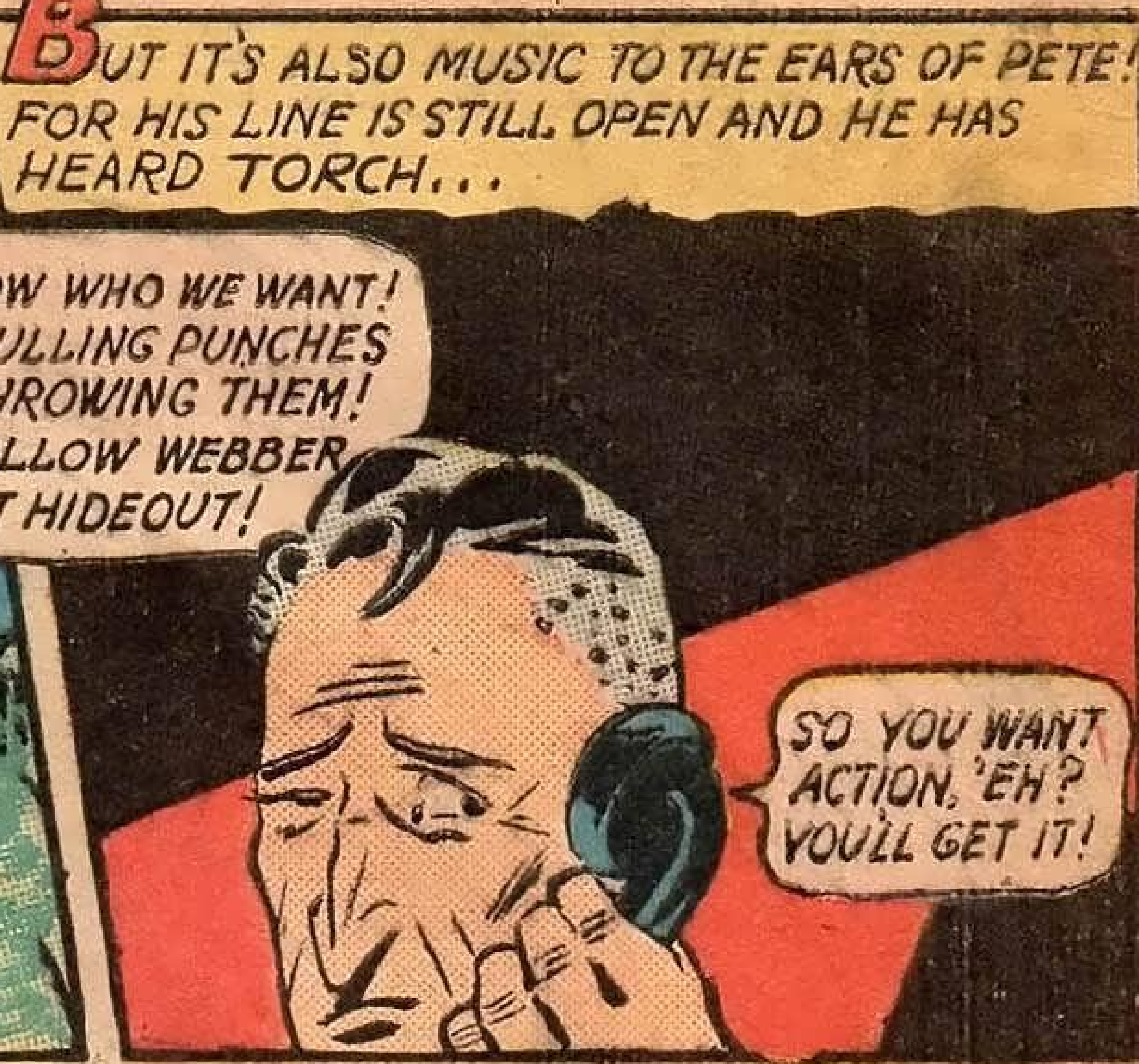
AS THE SHEEPISH MOB LEAVE, TORCH AND TORO FLAME OUT!
ME, JAN STOWSKI, - THANKS YOU! I NEVER FORGET YOU SAVE LIFE! ME ALWAYS REMEMBER!
LET'S HOPE YOU CAN EQUALLY REMEMBER YOUR WHEREABOUTS THE NIGHT THE PLANT WAS DESTROYED! I'D HATE TO SAVE A MAN FROM THE ROPE, ONLY TO SEE HIM DIE IN THE CHAIR!
WHEW! YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL FOR SAFE KEEPING?
I HOME WITH WIFE — FRIEND ALL NIGHT! I NEVER COULD DO SUCH THING TO COUNTRY I LOVE! BELIEVE THAT IS TRUE!
IF YOU CAN PROVE THAT, YOU'LL BE SAFE! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU ALONG!
LATER, IN THE TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS THAT THE F.B.I. HAVE SET UP IN WEIRFIELD!
STOWSKI'S OUR ONLY LEAD, CHIEF! AT LEAST TWENTY WITNESSES TESTIFIED TO HIS THREATS AGAINST HIS FOREMAN!
YES, BUT NOT AGAINST THE PLANT! NO, HASKINS, I'M NOT INCLINED TO BELIEVE THIS THEORY OF PERSONAL REVENGE!
WHY? IT'S TRUE HIS ALIBI CHECKS, BUT STILL IT COULD BE A PHONY!
THERE'S SOMETHING TOO SIMPLE ABOUT THE MAN! HE'D TAKE DIRECT ACTION AGAINST THE FOREMAN TO SETTLE HIS DIFFERENCES! AND TAKE A LOOK AT HIS RECORD!
THERE'S SOMETHING TO THAT! WE'VE LOOKED IT UP AND FOUND IT VERY GOOD! BUT WE'LL HOLD HIM UNTIL WE FIND WHAT TYPE OF EXPLOSIVE-? OH, HARRY! GOT SOMETHING?
YES, SIR! WE FOUND THIS BLOCK OF DEFECTIVE EXPLOSIVE IN THE RUINS! I'VE JUST HAD IT ANALYZED! IT'S THERMNITRO!
THERMNITRO? WHY THAT'S-?
EXACTLY! THE SAME TYPE EXPLOSIVE CARRIED BY THE NAZIE SABOTEURS WE CAPTURED ON LONG ISLAND! IT'S MADE IN GERMANY!
THEN WE'RE UP AGAINST AN ORGANIZED GANG OF NAZI AGENTS! I THINK THAT LEAVES STOWSKI OUT!
NOW WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST!
RIGHT! AND WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST TO PREVENT A REPITITION OF THE TRAGEDY! WE'LL GO AT THIS PROBLEM IN PAIRS, - EACH PAIR WORKING INDEPENDENTLY OF THE OTHER!

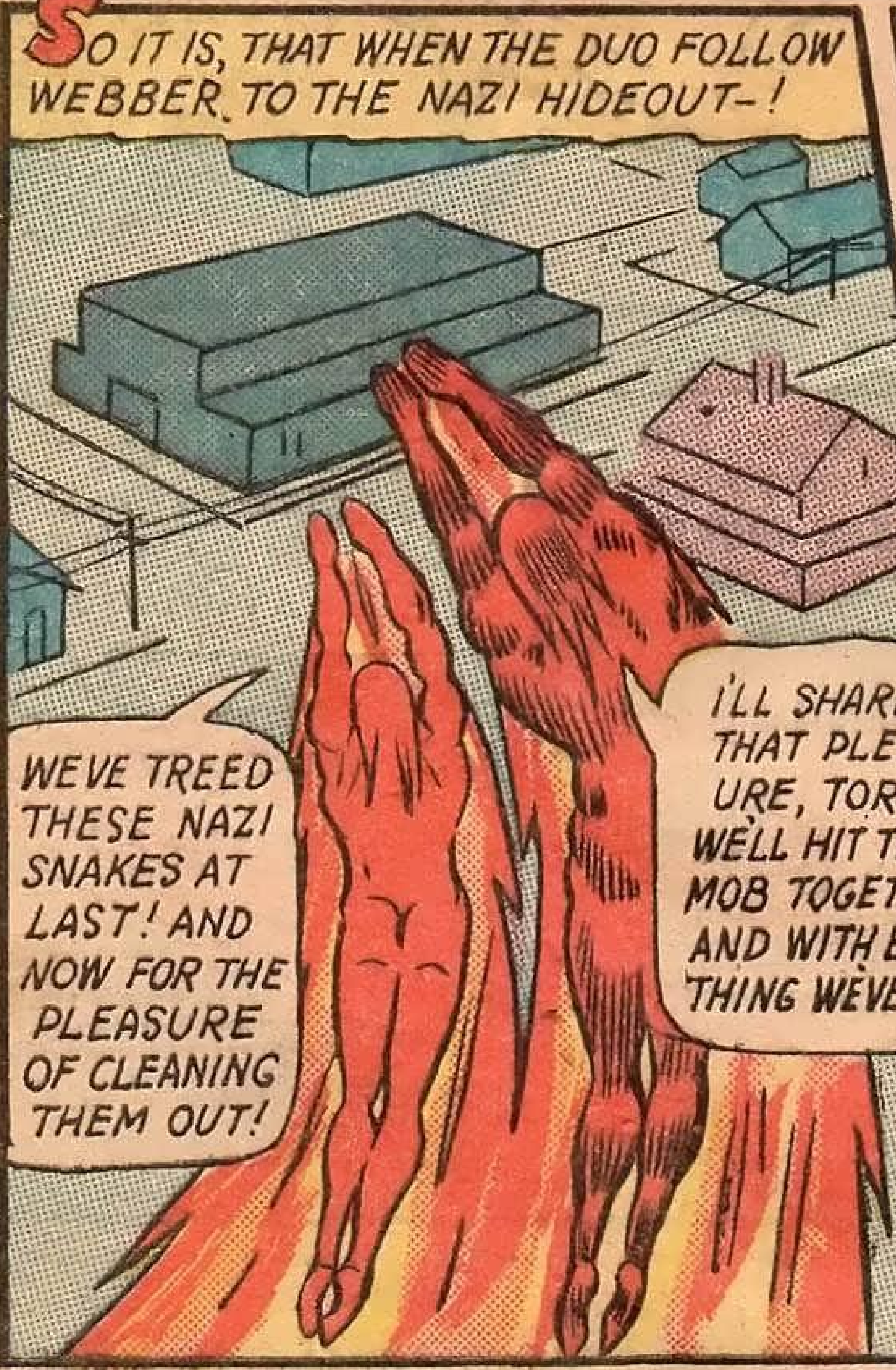
THE CONFERENCE BREAKS UP, AND SOME SECONDS LATER-!
THE FEDERAL MEN ARE WORKING ALONG THE THERM-NITRO ANGLE, TORCH! WHAT DO WE COVER?
ONE THAT'S BEEN LARGELY OVERLOOKED, LAD! THE SPIRIT THAT TURNED A TOWN OF NORMAL, THINKING INDIVIDUALS INTO A BLOODTHIRSTY MOB!
YOU THINK THERE WAS A DELIBERATE PLAN TO STIR UP MOB FEELING AGAINST STOWSKI? WHY?
TO MAKE HIM TAKE THE RAP! STOWSKI ALIVE COULD DEFEND HIMSELF AND PRESENT AN ALIBI! BUT STOWSKI,-DEAD-?
I SEE-! WHERE DO WE START THIS INVESTIGATION?
I HAVE THE NAME OF A FRIEND WHO STOOD BY HIM THROUGH THAT WHOLE MESS! WE'LL CALL ON HIM!
SOME MINUTES LATER, THE DUO EXPLAIN THE NATURE OF THEIR MISSION TO POP ANDREWS!
-AND THAT'S THE STORY, POP! WE'D LIKE TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO WHIPPED UP THE LYNCHING IDEA!
WELL OF COURSE THEY WUZ QUITE A FEW THAT TOOK UP THE IDEA, BUT I'D SAY THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR FORMIN' THE MOB IS, CHARLIE WEBBER! NEW MAN IN TOWN,--COME 'BOUT SAME TIME AS PETE, -MY FOREMAN!
WEBBER, EH? THAT MUST BE THE FAT PIG THAT KEPT EVERYTHING BUT HIS BIG MOUTH IN THE BACKGROUND!
THAT'S WEBBER, ALL RIGHT! CAME TO TOWN WITH PETE, WHEN PETE LANDED A FOREMAN'S JOB AT THE PLANT! NEVER COULD TELL HOW HE HELD IT,--HUNG ON TO HIS JOB BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH I RECKON!
YOU EVIDENTLY DON'T THINK MUCH OF PETE'S QUALIFICATIONS! HOW'D HE TREAT HIS MEN?
ALWAYS RIDIN' 'EM! NOT FOR INCREASED PRODUCTION YUH UNDERSTAND! JUST PURE CUSSEDNESS I GUESS! AN' CARELESS,-ALWAYS DROPPIN' THINGS AN' BLAMIN' SOMEONE ELSE!
QUITE A CHARACTER!
PETE WHO STARTED THE TROUBLE WITH STOWSKI, ARRIVED IN TOWN WITH RABBLE ROUSER WEBBER! QUITE A COINCIDENCE! THANKS, POP! C'MON, TORO!
WEBBER'S GOT A SHACK ON THE RIVER ROAD! IT'S THE LAST PLACE ON YOUR RIGHT! PETE BOARDS IN TOWN!

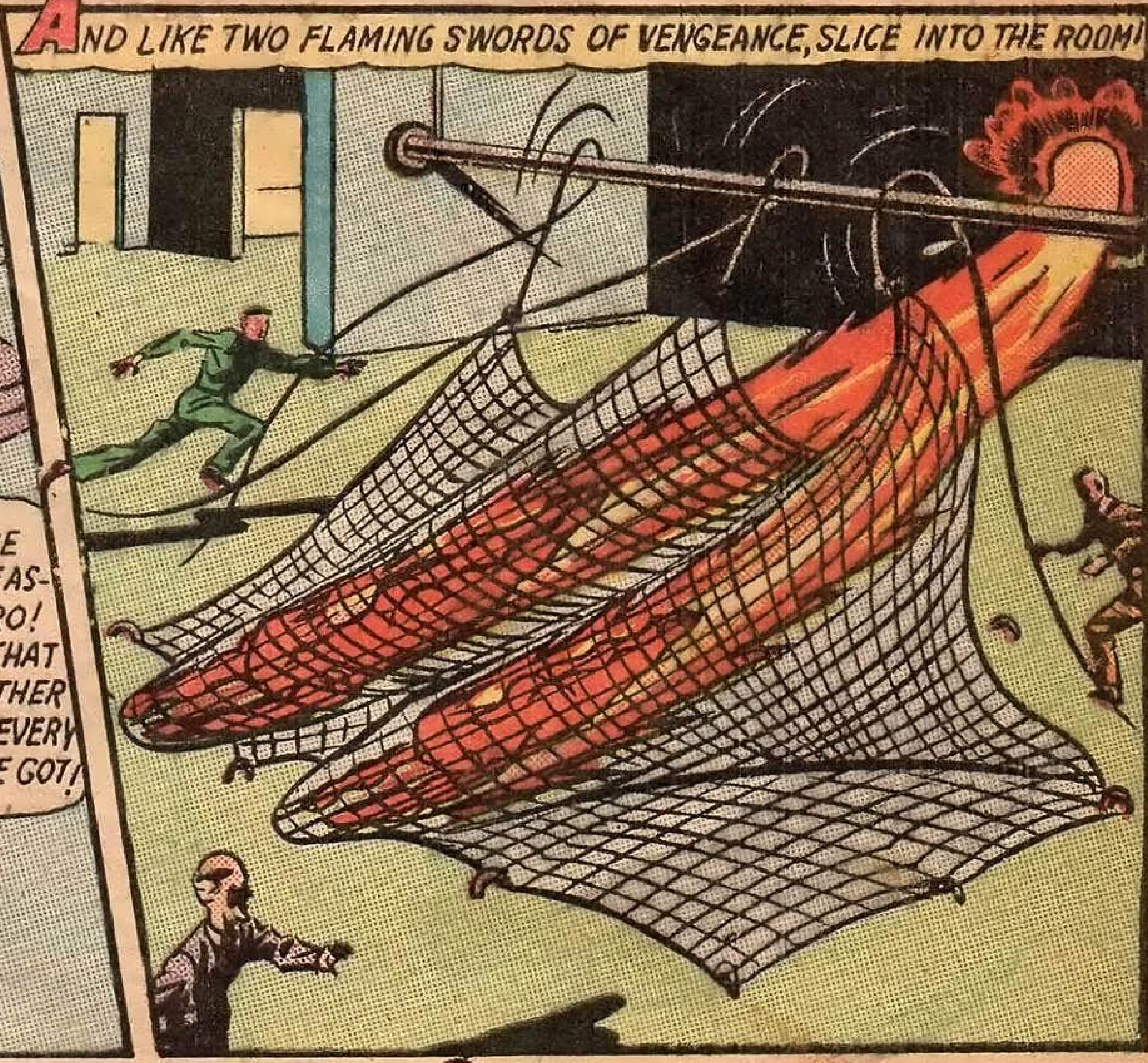
NOW WHAT? WE CAN'T BUST IN ON WEBBER OR PETE AND ACCUSE THEM OF SABOTAGE! WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF PROOF!
I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT! BUT WE'LL TRY A LITTLE PSYCHOLOGY ON WEBBER!
SOME MINUTES LATER THE DUO LAND ON THE RIVER ROAD, SOME QUARTER OF A MILE FROM CHARLIE WEBBER'S SHACK!
WHAT'S THE IDEA, TORCH? WEBBERS SHACK IS THE PLACE UP THE ROAD!
I KNOW! BUT I WANT TO TEST THE PSYCHOLOGY WE USE ON HIM! WE'LL NEED A HAND-SET AND A LONG COIL OF WIRE! I'LL BORROW THEM FROM THE GAS STATION!
SECONDS LATER, TORCH RETURNS WITH THE WIRE AND A HAND-SET FROM AN ORDINARY DIAL-TYPE PHONE!
I WISH YOU'D TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ABOUT!
THAT'S WHAT THE OLD BIRD THAT LENT ME THE STUFF SAID! LATER, TORO! JUST NOW WE HAVE THINGS TO DO! NOW IN ORDER TO CONDUCT THIS EXPERIMENT RIGHT, WE'LL HAVE TO--!
MOMENTS PASS,--THEN!!
GOTT IM HIMM-? OH! IT'S THE ROVER BOYS! THE WEAK SISTERS WHO SOBBED OVER THAT STUPID HUNKY!
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU WERE PRETTY ANXIOUS TO SEE STOWSKI'S NECK STRETCHED, WEREN'T YOU? I WONDER WHY--?
WHA-? WHY-WHY, ANY PATRIOT WOULD BE! THIS IS MY COUNTRY!
I SEE-! IS THAT WHY YOU AND PETE SNEAKED IN THOSE PACKING CASES ONE NIGHT? WHAT DID THEY CONTAIN, WEBBER? COULD IT HAVE BEEN—THERMNITRO?
HOW DID-? GET OUT OF HERE YOU FLAMING TRICKSTERS! HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE ME OF DEALING IN EXPLOSIVES? GET OUT! GET OUT!
C'MON, TORO! BY THE WAY WEBBER! I THINK CHIEF LANGDOM WOULD BE INTERESTED IN YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THERMNITRO! SO, DON'T LEAVE TOWN!
OH! DID SOMEONE MENTION EXPLOSIVE?

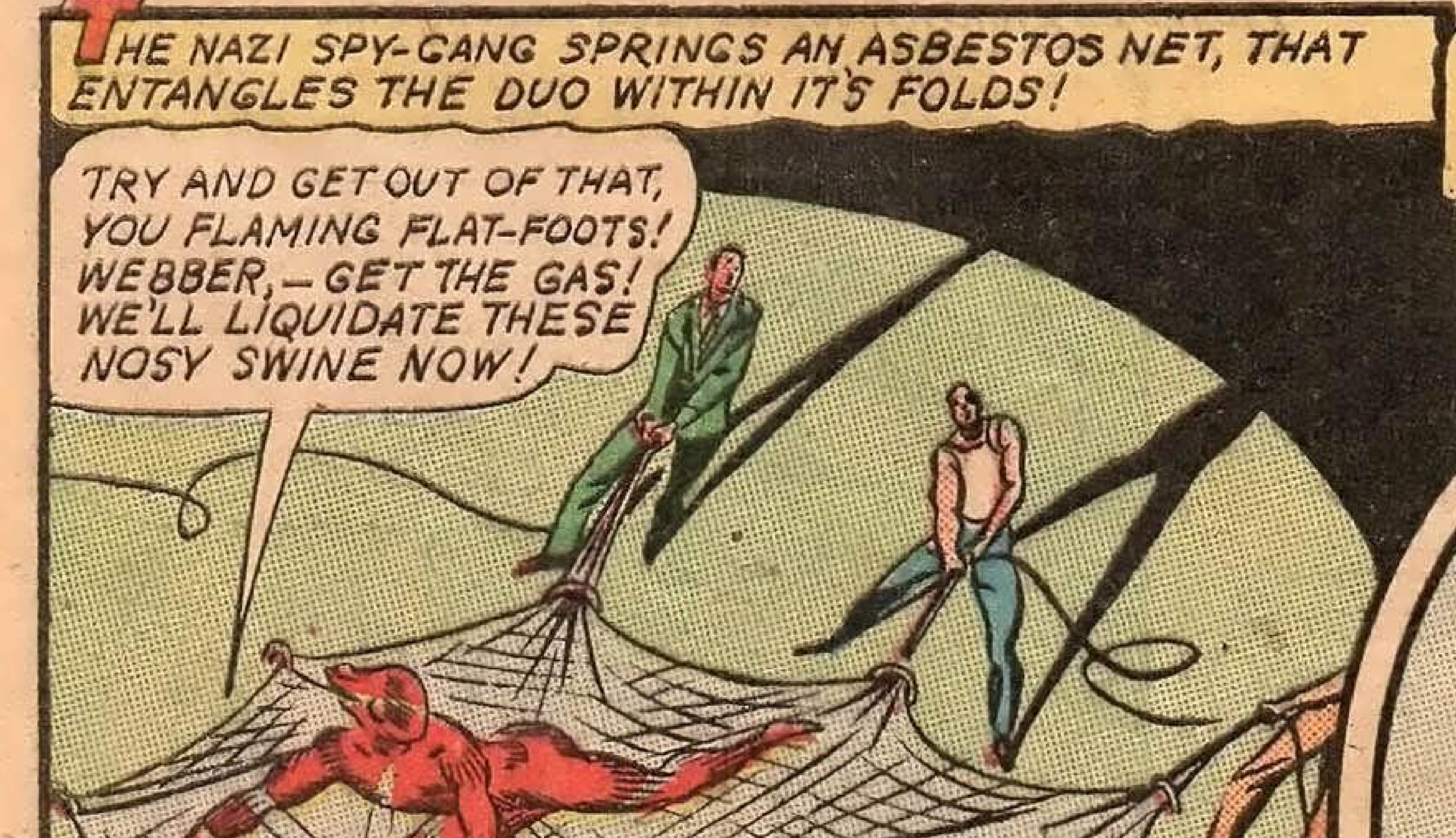
THE DUO LEAVE WEBBER, TO LET THEIR POINTED BARBS OF THOUGHT WORK THEIR WAY UNDER HIS SKIN!
WE'VE GOT TWO STRIKES ON HIM! HE LAPSES INTO GERMAN WHEN STARTLED AND KNOWS MORE ABOUT AN EXPLOSIVE, SPECIFICALLY CREATED BY THE NAZI'S FOR THEIR SABOTAGE CREWS THAN AN AMERICAN SHOULD!
AND HE JUMPED LIKE A CAT, WHEN YOU MENTIONED THOSE CASES! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THEY SNEAKED THEM IN AT NIGHT?
JUST A SHOT IN THE DARK THAT TOOK EFFECT! NOW WHAT?
I DIDN'T! BUT A QUARTER TON OF THE STUFF WAS USED ON THE PLANT! THEY DIDN'T BRING THAT IN THEIR SUITCASES! SO IF THEY'RE GUILTY OF SABOTAGE THEY MUST HAVE BROUGHT IT IN LATER AND PROBABLY AT NIGHT!
AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN WEBBER'S HOME A TREMBLING HAND DIALS A CERTAIN NUMBER!
PROVE IT! IF WEBBER'S GUILTY HE'LL SHOW IT BY PHONING PETE IMMEDIATELY! THAT'S WHERE THE WIRE AND HAND-SET COME IN! WE'RE GOING TO TAP HIS TELEPHONE LINE!
AND SEVERAL MILES AWAY A CERTAIN PARTY-!
YOU FOOL! I TOLD YOU NEVER TO-!!
THOSE FLAMING SNOOPERS KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT OUR CONNECTION,-- THE THERMNITRO,--EVEN HOW WE BROUGHT IT IN! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD!
WHILE LISTENING IN ON THE CONVERSATION-?
THAT'S BAD! O'KAY, I'LL GET THE BOYS TOGETHER! WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE HIDEOUT UPRIVER! MAKE IT SNAPPY!

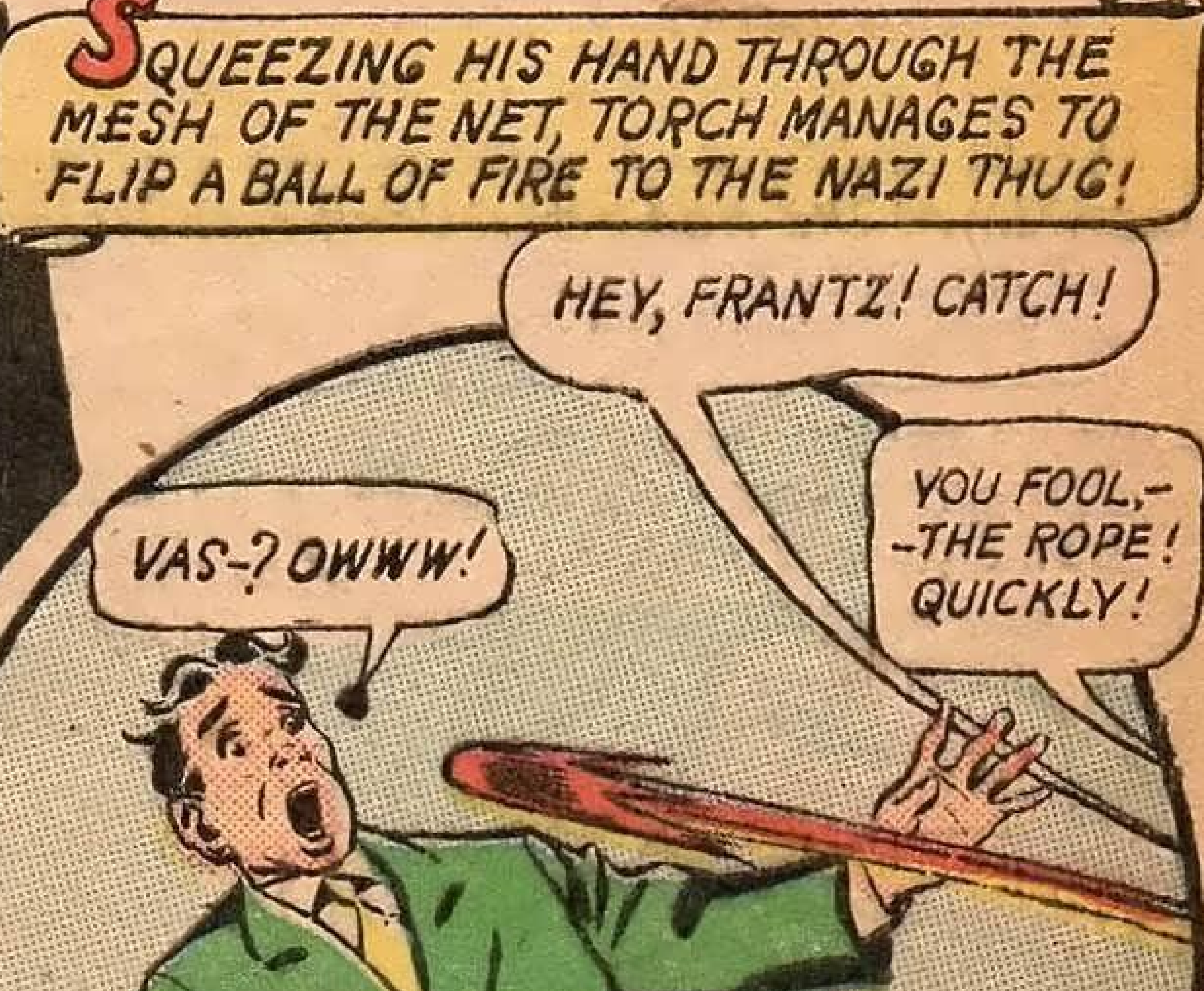

THAT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS, TORCH! REAL ACTION AT LAST!
NOW WE KNOW WHO WE WANT! WE CAN STOP PULLING PUNCHES AND START THROWING THEM! WE'LL FOLLOW WEBBER TO THAT HIDEOUT!


BUT IT'S ALSO MUSIC TO THE EARS OF PETE! FOR HIS LINE IS STILL OPEN AND HE HAS HEARD TORCH...
SO YOU WANT ACTION, 'EH? YOU'LL GET IT!


SO IT IS, THAT WHEN THE DUO FOLLOW WEBBER TO THE NAZI HIDEOUT-!
WE'VE TREED THESE NAZI SNAKES AT LAST! AND NOW FOR THE PLEASURE OF CLEANING THEM OUT!
I'LL SHARE THAT PLEASURE, TORO! WE'LL HIT THAT MOB TOGETHER AND WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT!


AND LIKE TWO FLAMING SWORDS OF VENGEANCE, SLICE INTO THE ROOM!


THE NAZI SPY-GANG SPRINGS AN ASBESTOS NET, THAT ENTANGLES THE DUO WITHIN IT'S FOLDS!
TRY AND GET OUT OF THAT, YOU FLAMING FLAT-FOOTS! WEBBER, - GET THE GAS! WE'LL LIQUIDATE THESE NOSY SWINE NOW!


SQUEEZING HIS HAND THROUGH THE MESH OF THE NET, TORCH MANAGES TO FLIP A BALL OF FIRE TO THE NAZI THUG!
HEY, FRANTZ! CATCH!
VAS-? OWWW!
YOU FOOL, - THE ROPE! QUICKLY!

ONE OF THE OTHER THUGS REACHES FOR THE DRAW-ROPE, BUT THE FIERY DUO HAVE ALREADY SLIPPED THE TRAP!
QUICKLY ROUNDING UP THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE SPY-RING!
THAT WRAPS IT UP! TORO! STAND GUARD ON THESE LITTLE HITLERS WHILE I CALL CHIEF LANGDOM!
I JUST DARE ONE OF THESE SUPERMEN TO MOVE! I'LL BURN 'EM TO A SUPER-CRISP!
LATER AT THE F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE IN WEIRFIELD WHERE THE MANACLED PRISONERS ARE READY FOR THEIR ONE WAY RIDE TO NEW YORK AND QUICK TRIAL-!
WE'RE FOLDING SHOP, TORCH! YOU AND TORO COMING BACK WITH US? WE'RE ALMOST READY!
WE'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU CHIEF! TORO AND I HAVE A LITTLE MATTER TO ATTEND TO!
YEAH! WE WANT TO SHOW A GUY THAT WHEN PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY MAKE A MISTAKE THEY'RE BIG ENOUGH TO ADMIT AND MAKE UP FOR IT!
THE DUO RBLEASE JAN STOWSKI FROM THE CITY JAIL WHERE HE'S BEEN HELD FOR HIS OWN PROTECTION AND ESCORT HIM HOME TO HIS WIFE AND A WARMING RECEPTION FROM THE TOWNSPEOPLE!
WE JUST WANT TO TELL YOU HOW SORRY WE ARE AN'-SHUCKS,-WE'RE PROUD THAT YOU'RE ONE OF US!
YES, TORO! BECAUSE IT PROVES BEYOND ALL SHADOW OF A DOUBT, THAT THIS LAND CALLED AMERICA IS A GREAT LAND! AND THESE PEOPLE CALLED AMERICANS ARE A GREAT PEOPLE!
WE CAN BE PROUD OF THIS MOMENT, TORCH.
THE END

SUB-MARINER
VS. THE MURDEROUS "ZAKO"

BETTY DEAN, REPORTER FOR THE GLOBE, RUSHES FROM HER OFFICE...
TAXI!...TAXI! OH, EXCUSE ME, SIR!
GLO NE
THE CASA BLANCA APARTMENTS. QUICKLY!
TAXI
54917
A FEW MINUTES LATER SHE ENTERS HER ROOMS.
THIS IS RIGHT UP PRINCE NAMOR'S ALLEY!..HOPE I CAN GET HIM!
ON HER SPECIAL RADIO BETTY DIALS FOR SUB-MARINER IN HIS UNDERSEA KINGDOM....
AND IN A SHORT WHILE ON THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM.....
PRINCE NAMOR, YOU ARE CALLED ON THE RADIO!
...THE YACHT WAS CONFISCATED BY THE PIRATES... ALL THE YACHTING PARTY WAS CLEANED OF THEIR VALUABLES AND PUT ADRIFT IN LIFE BOATS...
...MR. VAN TILFORD'S YACHT IS REPORTED TO BE IN THE SAME AREA...LATITUDE NORTH 42° 2"23", LONGITUDE 56° 10'14"! THEY MIGHT STRIKE AT HIM NEXT!
I'LL GET RIGHT UP AND SEE THEM SAFELY ASHORE!
SOUNDS LIKE A CLEVER GANG! FREEING THE PASSENGERS AND NOT FEARING THE RESULT OF THEIR REPORT!

AT THIS TIME ON MR. VAN TILFORD'S YACHT...
...BUT, VAN, THE PIRATES MIGHT STRIKE AT US ANY MOMENT!
RELAX! HAVE FUN!.. THEY WOULDN'T STRIKE TWICE IN THE SAME DAY!....
BUT DURING THIS VERY MOMENT!
ALL RIGHT, MEN! YOU KNOW YOUR MOVES! GET SET!..
.. AND A MINUTE LATER....
WITH THE AGILE SWIFTNESS OF CATS, TWO MEN CLIMB UP THE SIDE OF TILFORD'S YACHT.
BUT
PIRATES CLIMBING ABOARD ON STARBOARD SIDE!
STOP WHERE YA ARE OR WE'LL BLOW YA BACK TO YER MAKERS!
THIS IS ONE SHIP YA'LL NEVER GIT!

UNEXPECTED FROM THE STARBOARD SIDE APPEARS ZAKO, THE PIRATES' LEADER, AND HIS GIRL, CHEO!
DROP YER GUNS!..ALL ON BOARD TAKE TO LIFE BOATS!... THE SHIP IS OURS!
DO A THOROUGH JOB OF FRISKING THE WOMEN, CHEO!...NO VALUABLES OF ANY KIND ARE TO BE TAKEN OFF THIS SHIP!
AND IN A SHORT WHILE THE PLEASURE LOVING PARTY IS DISMALLY SEPERATED FROM THEIR ONCE GAY ATMOSPHERE.
NOT MUCH LATER..
OH, OH, LIFE BOATS FULL OF FANCY PEOPLE ADRIFT IN YON DISTANCE!
...AND THEY EVEN STOLE ALL OF OUR PERSONAL THINGS!
REALLY?!! AND WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?!!
DIRECTLY NORTH!
THANKS! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU!
IN A FEW MINUTES ON ZAKO'S SEIZED YACHT...
HEY, CAPTAIN! SUB-MARINER IS HEADED THIS WAY!
4

BETTER GO THE REST OF THE WAY UNDERWATER AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!
AHH! SUB-MARINER, EH?!! IT'S ABOUT TIME THE FREEING OF VICTIMS BRINGS HIM TO ME!..HA, HA! THE ONLY OBSTACLE IN MY WAY COMES AT LAST INTO A WELL DESIGNED TRAP!
SUB-MARINER WILL COME UP FROM UNDERWATER!..HE MOVES TOO FAST FOR US TO GET HIM WITH OUR GUNS SO YOU TWO SLOW HIM DOWN SO WE CAN FILL HIM FULL OF HOT LEAD!
ACTION! HERE I COME!
WHAT TH? LITTLE ONE?!.. ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO STOP ME?!
WELL?!! I'LL BE!!.. HE BOUNCES RIGHT BACK UP AND UNHURT!
COME BACK AGAIN AND I'LL SMACK YOU RIGHT OUT INTO THE SEA, BOUNCEY!

INTRIGUED BY THE EXTRAORDINARY NATURE OF THIS CREATURE, SUB-MARINER FAILS TO SEE THE GIANT COMING UP FROM BEHIND AND....
THAT BIG DUMMY.!! BLAST HIM.! HE CAN'T CONTROL HIS STRENGTH! KEEP FIRING!!... WE MIGHT GET SUB-MARINER ANYWAY!
YOU-YOU..BIG STUPID FOOL!...WHY DID YOU HAVE TO HIT HIM SO HARD??!! YOU-YOU-YOU-IMBECILE!!
SUB-MARINER, UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE BLOW RECEIVED AND THE BULLETS THAT GRAZED HIS HEAD, SINKS SLOWLY DOWN TO THE SEA'S BOTTOM.
WHEW! THIS IS NO COMMON GANG I'M UP AGAINST!... I'LL HAVE TO USE MORE BRAIN THAN BRAWN HEREAFTER!
VERY SHORTLY AFTER CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS PRINCE NAMOR ZOOMS UPWARD.

AND AS HE BURSTS OUT OF THE OCEAN A STORM LASHES AT HIM WITH ITS TORRENTIAL RAIN...
THIS'LL NEVER DO! HAVE TO GET BACK UNDER!
LUCKY I WASN'T OUT SO LONG BUT WHAT I CAN STILL FOLLOW THEIR COURSE BY SMELL!
MUCH LATER...
THEIR TRAIL LEADS HERE, BUT THEY MUST HAVE THE COVE WELL CAMOUFLAGED. MY BEST BET IS TO GO ASHORE!
THERE'S ONE OF THOSE LAZY BEACH COMBERS! MAYBE I CAN GET SOME INFORMATION OUT OF HIM!
AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF TRYING TO MAKE CONVERSATION!
OH!... NOW I SEE... DEAF AND DUMB!... WELL IT'S NO USE WASTING ANYMORE TIME!
I'LL JUST SCOUT AROUND THIS ISLAND! THEY MUST BE HIDDEN HERE SOMEWHERE!

BUT WATCHING HIS EVERY MOVE..
HA, HA!.. THAT BEACH COMBER SURE DIDN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD!.. THE FISH-MAN IS COMING DOWN THE TRAIL!...YOU, BIG BULK, AND CHEO GO DOWN THERE AND...
HEY! AN ISLAND GIRL! ...HURT?!
OHHH
WHAT HAPPENED, SIS?!!
SUDDENLY...
GOOD BOY, BIG BULK! THAT'S GOT HIM!
MUCH LATER PRINCE NAMOR IS REVIVED BY ZAKO...
HO! HO!, SUB-MARINER, MY ONLY OBSTACLE! AT LAST WE CAN PERFORM FREELY WITH OUR PIRACY AS YOU WILL SOON BE PERMANENTLY OUT OF THE WAY!
8

THEY'VE REALLY GOT ME!.! AHH, WHAT A SUCKER I WAS TO HAVE FALLEN FOR THAT GAG, BUT WHO WOULD THINK ONE SO CLEVER AS THIS ZAKO WOULD USE IT!...I'VE GOT STRENGTH TO BREAK THESE BONDS BUT NO SLACK!
BEFORE PULLING YOU APART, KNOW YOU THAT OUR OPERATIONS ARE FOOL-PROOF AS WE ATTACK ONLY WHEN THERE ARE NO SHIPS WITHIN A TWO HUNDRED MILE RADIUS! THIS WE LEARN BY RADIOSCOPE! AND HERE ARE MY AIDS, THE UNDERWORLD'S CHOICEST!
ENOUGH! PULL SUB-MARINER APART!
NO SOONER IS ZAKO'S COMMAND GIVEN THAN TWO LOYAL SCUMS BEGIN TO STRAIN AT THE DRUMS...
BANG!
SNAP!
SUB-MARINER INSTANTLY REALIZES HIS FREEDOM AND...
GOT A FRIEND HERE! WONDER WHO?!
9

COME RIGHT BACK, BOUNCEY!
POW!
CRACK
..AND I'LL SEND YOU AT THAT GIANT!
SHOULD'VE FINISHED THAT FISH-FACE OFF LIKE THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE!
OWEEEE!
BANG!
THERE!..THAT'S GOT YOU! NOW FOR.... OH, OH, TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY, EH

HE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER!
WELL, HE'LL LEARN!
BUT JUST AS SUB-MARINER EXITS FROM THE COVE.....
BOOM!
AN INSTANT LATER...
THUD!
AFTER A FEW SECONDS OF THE COOL OCEAN BOTTOM....
WHEW! THAT GUY'S GOT MORE TRICKS THAN A BARREL OF MONKEYS! ALMOST GOT ME AGAIN THAT TIME!
IN A FEW MINUTES HE IS PUSHED INTO THE SEA.......

THIS'LL GET YOU, SUB-MARINER!
YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH TRIES WITH THAT GAT, ZAKO! I'M COMING AFTER YOU!
PRINCE NAMOR DIVES UNDER..
AND
YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF RUNNING AWAY FROM ALL YOUR FRIENDS!
LATER...
WHAT TH...?! WHO DID ALL THIS WHILE I WAS GONE?!
END

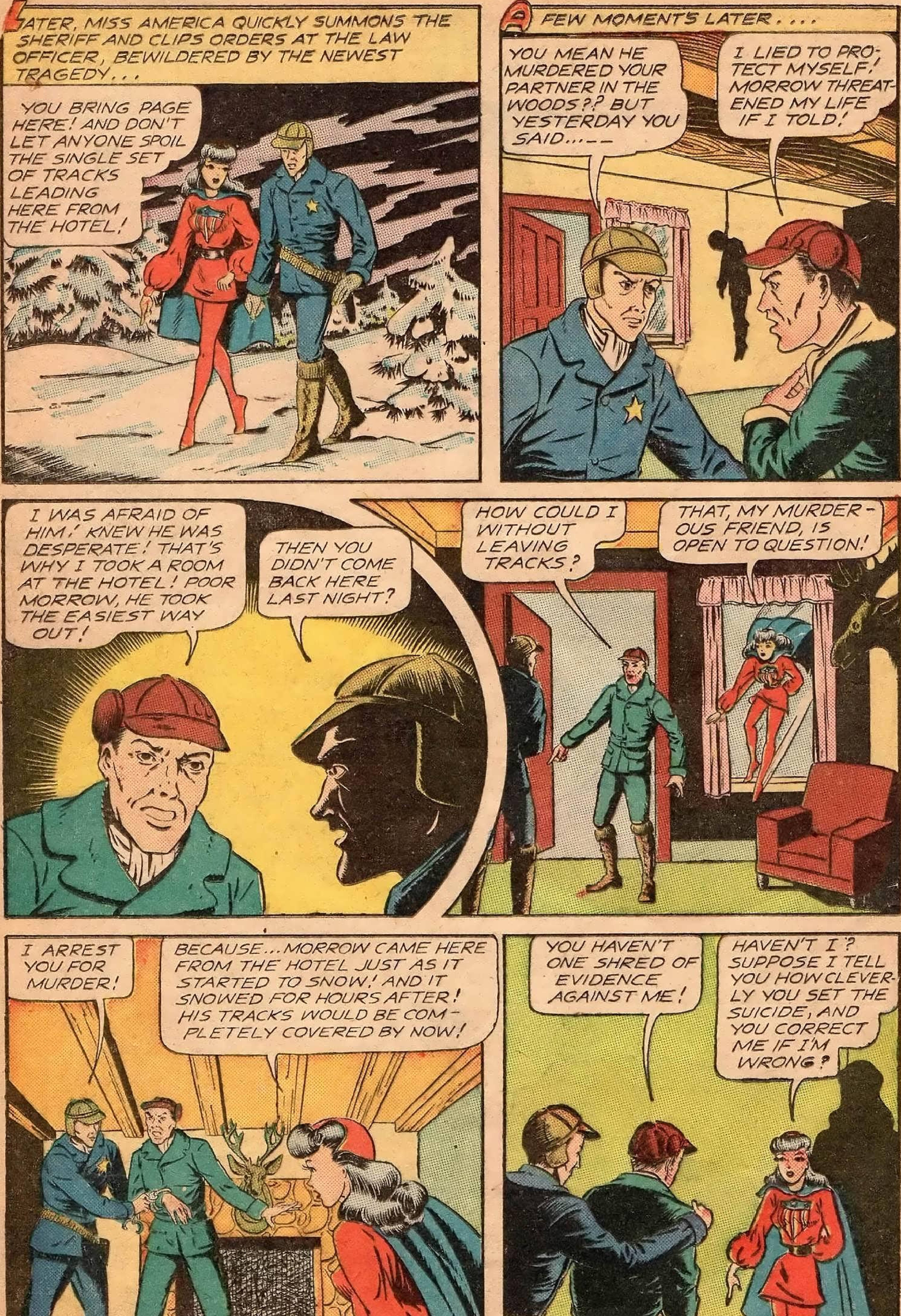
Miss AMERICA
OUR STORY OPENS WITH MADELINE JOYCE ALIAS "MISS AMERICA" ON HER WAY TO HER UNCLE JIM'S HUNTING LODGE IN MAINE...
H-E-L-P!
BR-RR! IT'S COLD! WHAT WAS THAT?
MADELINE INSTANTLY LEAPS FROM HER CAR AND CRASHES THRU THE WOODS...
HELP! HELP! AH-G-G...
BANG!
THE CRY WAS CUT OFF BY THAT SHOT!

SOMEONE'S COMING!
HURRY! INTO THE WOODS BEFORE THEY SEE US!
CRASH!
SHARP EYES AND AGILE MIND TAKE IN THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE . . .
A DEAD MAN AND TWO HUNTERS FLEEING!
A SWIFT CHANGE AND THE FAMOUS-TROUBLE SHOOTER TAKES UP THE CHASE . . .
NOT SO FAST! I'M JOINING YOUR LITTLE HUNTING PARTY!
GULP! MISS AMERICA!
NOW, SUPPOSE WE TAKE CARE OF YOUR FAST-SHOOTING COMPANION, EH?
IN THIS FASHION!
YEOW-F-F!
OW-FFF!
MOMENTS LATER . . .
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
WE'LL LET THE SHERIFF DECIDE THAT! LET'S GO GENTLEMEN!
HE SHOT HIMSELF!
2.

SOMETIME LATER, BACK IN THE WOODS WITH THE SHERIFF ON THE SCENE . . .
HMM? SO HE WAS A BUSINESS PARTNER OF YOU TWO, EH?
YES! MY NAME'S PAGE! HIS IS MORROW! WE OWN A HUNTING LODGE NEAR THE PINES HOTEL!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! HE STUMBLED AND DROPPED HIS GUN...IT WENT OFF AND KILLED HIM!
HER CHARGES THAT WE WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE IS UTTERLY FANTASTIC! WE WERE RUNNING FOR HELP!
HMM, I'LL HAVE TROUBLE PROVING MY HUNCH IF THEY STICK TO THAT STORY!
I DEMAND OUR INSTANT RELEASE! YOU HAVE NO PROOF THAT THIS WAS ANYTHING BUT AN ACCIDENT!
YEP! IT LOOKS THAT WAY... NOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HOLD YA!
BETTER STICK AROUND THESE PARTS! YE'LL BE NEEDED AT THE INQUEST!
BE GLAD TO, SHERIFF! WE'LL BE AT OUR HUNTING LODGE!
MISS AMERICA, DETERMINED TO FOLLOW THRU, DECIDES ON A PLAN AND QUICKLY SWITCHES BACK TO MADELINE JOYCE . . .
I'LL CHECK INTO THE HOTEL AND THEN LOCATE THEIR HUNTING LODGE!

LATER AT THE HOTEL, MADELINE WHIRLS TOWARD A FAMILIAR VOICE...
MR. PAGE? WONDER WHY HE'S TAKING A ROOM?
A ROOM FOR ONE PLEASE!
I'LL WATCH IN MY HAND MIRROR! OH-OH! HERE COMES THE OTHER ONE THRU THE DOOR!
MADELINE, UNSEEN, SLIPS INTO AN ADJOINING BOOTH IN THE HOTEL GRILL...
NOT SO LOUD! PULL YOURSELF TO-GETHER! THIS IS NO TIME TO LOOSE YOUR NERVE!
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? WHY DID YOU COME HERE?
WHY...WHY...JUST FOR A BITE TO EAT! YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T HUNGRY AND I THOUGHT---
YOU'RE LYING! YOU'RE RUNNING OUT ON ME!
I SMELL SOME KIND OF DOUBLE-CROSS! HE LIED TO HIS PARTNER! NOT A WORD ABOUT TAKING A ROOM!
HMM? THAT PAGE IS A SMOOTH ARTICLE! CONVINCED MORROW TO GO BACK TO THE LODGE, AND HE'S COMING BACK IN!

AFTER ASSURING HERSELF THAT PAGE IS SAFE IN HIS ROOM, MADELINE HURRIES TO HERS AND CALLS NEW YORK... WE HEAR HER NOW, TALKING GUARDEDLY TO A HIGH POLICE OFFICIAL...
PAGE, MORROW, AND SUMMERS, EH? OKAY, MISS AMERICA! I'LL GET YOU THE INFORMATION, THOUGH IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME!
I'LL STICK AT THE 'PHONE! CALL ME BACK NO MATTER WHAT TIME!
HOURS LATER, AT DAYBREAK.....
HO-HUM-M! IT FINALLY STOPPED SNOWING! WISH THAT CALL WOULD COME IN! OOPS! THERE IT IS!
RING!
DID YOU SAY "INSURANCE??"
UH-HUH! ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND, TO BE EXACT! A JOINT POLICY IN WHICH THE PARTNERS GET THE MONEY IF THE OTHER DIES!
ONCE AGAIN MADELINE ASSUMES HER FIGHTING ROLE AND HEADS FOR THE HUNTING LODGE...
PAGE IS STILL IN HIS ROOM AT THE HOTEL! IT SHOULD BE EASY TO GET THIS MORON TO CONFESS, ONCE I SPRING MY INFORMATION!
INSIDE THE LODGE, MOMENTS AFTER MISS AMERICA HAS OVERCOME HER SURPRISE AT FINDING THE DEAD BODY OF MORROW....
NOT BAD, MR. PAGE! NOT BAD AT ALL! ALMOST FELL FOR IT, MYSELF! IT'S GOING TO BE AN ADDED PLEASURE TO HANG YOU FOR DOUBLE MURDER!


LATER, MISS AMERICA QUICKLY SUMMONS THE SHERIFF AND CLIPS ORDERS AT THE LAW OFFICER, BEWILDERED BY THE NEWEST TRAGEDY...
YOU BRING PAGE HERE! AND DON'T LET ANYONE SPOIL THE SINGLE SET OF TRACKS LEADING HERE FROM THE HOTEL!
A FEW MOMENT'S LATER....
YOU MEAN HE MURDERED YOUR PARTNER IN THE WOODS?? BUT YESTERDAY YOU SAID...--
I LIED TO PROTECT MYSELF! MORROW THREATENED MY LIFE IF I TOLD!
I WAS AFRAID OF HIM! KNEW HE WAS DESPERATE! THAT'S WHY I TOOK A ROOM AT THE HOTEL! POOR MORROW, HE TOOK THE EASIEST WAY OUT!
THEN YOU DIDN'T COME BACK HERE LAST NIGHT?
HOW COULD I WITHOUT LEAVING TRACKS?
THAT, MY MURDEROUS FRIEND, IS OPEN TO QUESTION!
I ARREST YOU FOR MURDER!
BECAUSE...MORROW CAME HERE FROM THE HOTEL JUST AS IT STARTED TO SNOW! AND IT SNOWED FOR HOURS AFTER! HIS TRACKS WOULD BE COMPLETELY COVERED BY NOW!
YOU HAVEN'T ONE SHRED OF EVIDENCE AGAINST ME!
HAVEN'T I? SUPPOSE I TELL YOU HOW CLEVERLY YOU SET THE SUICIDE, AND YOU CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG?

YOU, AFRAID THAT MORROW WOULD CRACK, CAME HERE SOME TIME NEAR DAWN TO KILL HIM! YOU STRANGLED HIM WITH THE SAME ROPE YOU USED TO HANG HIM FROM THE RAFTER! THEN CLEVERLY PLACED AN OVERTURNED CHAIR BENEATH HIM TO MAKE IT APPEAR HE HAD KICKED IT OVER!
THEN... PUTTING ON MORROW'S BOOTS AND CARRYING YOUR OWN, YOU WALKED BACKWARDS TO THE HOTEL, LEAVING THE SINGLE TRACK! AND THE PROOF IS... MORROW'S BOOTS FOUND IN YOUR ROOM!
THE $100,000 JOINT INSURANCE POLICY WILL PROVE YOUR MOTIVE! TAKE HIM AWAY, SHERIFF... WHAT?
NOT YET, YOU DON'T!
SUDDENLY...
OO-FFF!
WITH LIGHTENING SPEED, THE KILLER WHIPS A GUN FROM THE FALLEN SHERIFF...
THIS IS MY CHANCE!
OOO! MY HEAD!
MISS AMERICA RALLIES HER SCATTERED SENSES TO ACT SWIFTLY AND INSTINCTIVELY AS THE KILLER DELIBERATELY PLACES HIS WEAPON TO HER TEMPLE...
YO-OW-FFF!!
WHEW! THE POWDER SINGED MY HAIR! JUST GOT MY HEAD AWAY IN TIME!
ONCE ON HER FEET, MISS AMERICA CUTS SHORT THE KILLER'S FUTILE ATTEMPT AT FURTHER RESISTANCE...
CATCH HIM, SHERIFF! HE'S ALL YOURS FROM NOW ON!
The End

Prediction for Pinky

THAT doggone fortune teller was the cause of it all. Thinking about it as he left town, Pinky Thornton realized he'd been a chump to go into that joint and have his fortune read. Now everything was changed just because of that.

Pinky was on the run.

All because of the dark haired stranger. Pinky hadn't been able to learn whether good, bad, or indifferent luck would come of the dark stranger's appearance. It would have cost an additional two bucks to find that out. Pinky had decided not to wait. By sundown he'd picked up his supplies, loaded Matilda, the patient burro, and was headed in the direction of the sunset.

Pinky camped about five miles from town that night. He felt none too easy, even though his beloved desert was before him. Somehow or other this first adventure with his future fortune had him unnerved, and he didn't sleep at all well that night. He was up early in the morning, had breakfast and was on his way before the first rays of the sun were sliding golden streaks down the distant sides of the foothills, reaching out across the desert floor.

By noon he was well on his way, but still not far enough to be able to rid himself of his uneasiness. By afternoon he reached the road to Greenwood, and since the road was going Pinky's direction he decided, against his better judgment to follow it a ways anyhow.

* * * * *

IT WAS shortly afterward that the car rolled up to where Pinky and Matilda plodded slowly along. A man leaned out.

"Is this the right road to Glenners Gulch?"

For a moment Pinky didn't think. Perhaps it was just that he was still worried. At any rate he found himself assuring the man he was headed right, before he realized that he was more than normally tall in the seat of the car, that his face was somewhat lean and his eye brows and hair very black. Something clicked in Pinky's brain. Here was the tall, dark stranger he'd been warned about!

"You're headed right," Pinky admitted, feeling his breath quicken in his chest. He asked hesitantly, "You—you got business there? I know most the people in Glenners—"

The stranger nodded, as his fingers slid the car into gear. "Legal matter. Looking for a man by the name of Thornton. Ever hear of him?"

"Never!" Pinky Thornton babbled. "Total stranger to me. G'by, mister!"

The car glided away and Pinky turned for a brief glance after it. Then he guided Matilda off the road and away into the desert wasteland.

More than ever he felt he was in for trouble. That fortune teller had been right. As far as Pinky could remember he'd always lived a clean life, always minded his business, and hadn't ever forgotten to pay off any and all grub-stakes—

Pinky ran stubby fingers under his battered hat to scratch his head. He couldn't remember any he hadn't paid off, although that was the one thing he wasn't sure of. Maybe he was getting absent minded.

* * * * *

BY midafternoon Pinky Thornton was too worried to think straight. Which was one perfectly good reason for getting caught in the sand storm.

The wind ripped through the sage and cactus, drove the sand right through Pinky's clothing. His nose and eyes and mouth were full of it. It was stifling. He turned himself and Matilda with the beat of it and kept plodding along. The grit was in his teeth. He didn't dare open his mouth to spit it out. He'd have had twice as much.

His lungs were aching and his throat felt on fire. Several times he stumbled and went to his knees. Eventually the wind died down and the yellow murk of flying sand began to thin out.

By the time it cleared off it was night. It was also impossible to wash. Pinky's meager supply of water wouldn't stand that. He found also that during the storm he'd wandered off course, was a good deal further from the next water hole than he had hoped to be.

His rest that night was fitful and uneasy. He awoke in a cold sweat. It was just beginning to turn light and he made a fire, cooked and ate breakfast, and started on his way. He wanted to get across the desert, wanted to reach the foothills. This time Pinky wasn't coming back. He'd promised himself that. He'd go so far away no one would ever see him again.

By noon Pinky knew he'd erred. The anxiety of the past two days, the buffeting he'd taken by the storm, had all been too much. His supply of water was gone. By afternoon his throat and mouth were parched and dry, and he was talking to himself. Once he saw a buzzard circling slowly overhead, motionless wings bringing him closer and closer, his beaked head twisting with each turn to eye the two creatures plodding along below.

"Go 'way, you black devil!" Pinky Thornton croaked. "Go—go away. Danged if you're picking on my bones—"

At least Pinky hoped not. But Matilda was showing definite signs of weakening. Pinky's own condition wasn't so good. By evening he hadn't found a water hole.

The sun rose the next day like a white-hot ball of fire. By mid-morning Pinky wasn't sure where he was, or what he was doing. His wandering footsteps took him nowhere.

It was evening when Pinky stumbled upon a water hole. He camped beside it the rest of the day, drinking carefully, washing up, refilling his water bottles. By night he felt better. And he realized also that he would have reached the foothills if he hadn't been so dumb.

* * * * *

THE sight of trees was good to Pinky Thornton's eyes. At last he had begun to feel a small measure of security. They'd never find him again—

Only they did find him. It was afternoon when Pinky became aware of the riders approaching from the east. He saw them when they rounded a knoll, and as he watched they disappeared into the woods.

Anxiously Pinky turned Matilda aside, hurrying her deeper into the hills. Fear was crowding into his throat and he felt himself shaking. Those riders could be the sheriff and a posse. It could be the stranger, sending them out after Pinky. It could be—

Pinky caught sight of them again, and the big man in the saddle of the lead horse was Sheriff Connelly.

What was worse yet, they must have seen Pinky Thornton. He knew that by the way they turned along his trail into the hills.

* * * * *

THEY were still a good two hundre yards distant when Pinky Thornton opened up with the .30-30. He didn't shoot to kill. Somehow he couldn't do that. Not just yet. He'd known Connelly all his life and liked the big man. But he wanted to let him know Pinky wasn't going to be taken without a battle.

When they melted from sight into the woods, Pinky pushed Matilda into a draw behind him, took up station behind a huge boulder. He saw Hank Mason, one of Connelly's deputies and took a shot at him, and watched with a grin as Hank ducked back into the woods.

It was still for a time and Pinky Thornton moved uneasily. He had a strange feeling something was going to happen. He watched carefully for any sign of a surprise attack—

It came from an unexpected direction. A noose settled snugly over Pinky's arms and snapped them tight about his side. The .30-30 clattered from his hands as he was hauled up into the air from the rim of the canyon above and behind him. Twisting he saw Connelly and Hank Mason peering over.

"You ain't taking me back!" Pinky Thornton raged when they stood before him. "That guy's got nothing on me. I'm innocent. Never did a man wrong in all my life—"

"Sounds loco." Mason squinted at Pinky's flushed face. "Who's trying to do wrong?"

"That—that stranger!" Pinky raged. "You guys turn me loose. I ain't done nothing. Whatever that guy's said about me's a lie—"

"He didn't say anything wrong," Sheriff Connelly soothed. "You must be nuts."

"He's looking for me," Pinky yelped. "I know all about it. I met him. An' the fortune teller tole me—"

* * * * *

SHERIFF CONNELLY laughed. Hank Mason chuckled, lowered his lanky body to the ground to roll a cigarette. "Sure, he's looking for you," Connelly said. "He's got good news for you, Pinky. He's come to tell you about inheriting a big hunk of dough!"

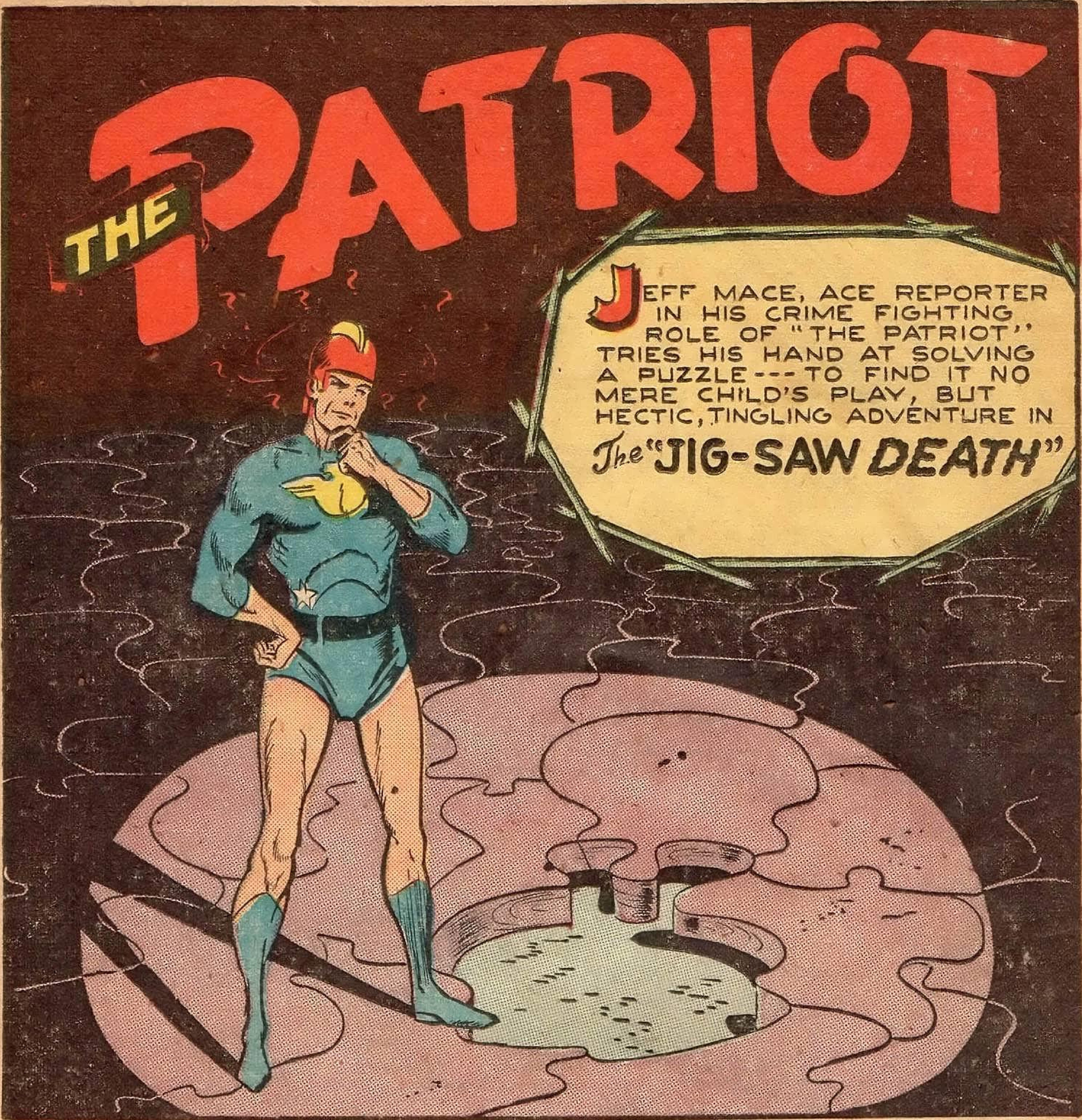
Pinky Thornton sagged limply, staring incredulously at the sheriff.

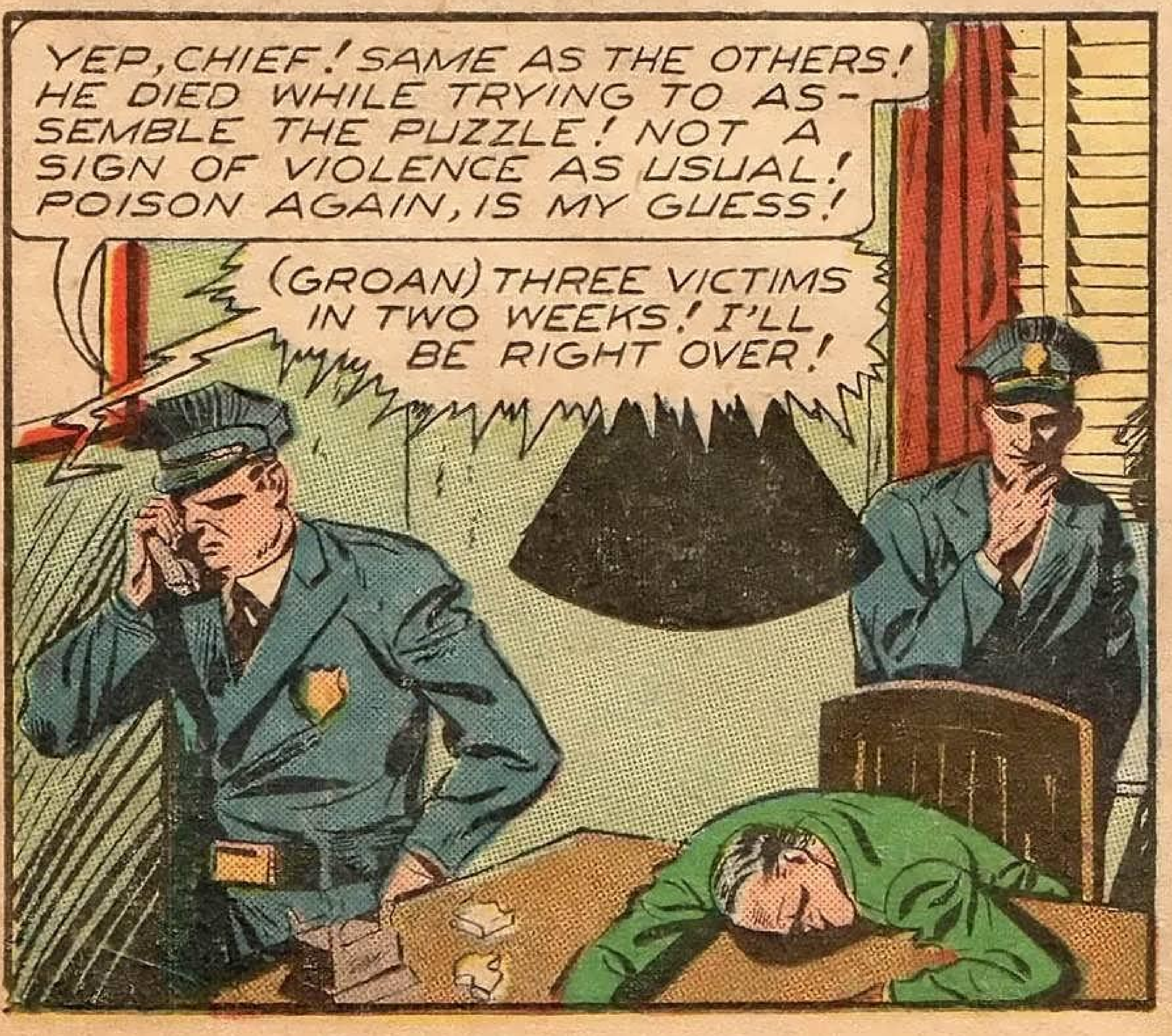
"Tarnation," Pinky gasped. "That fortune teller—"

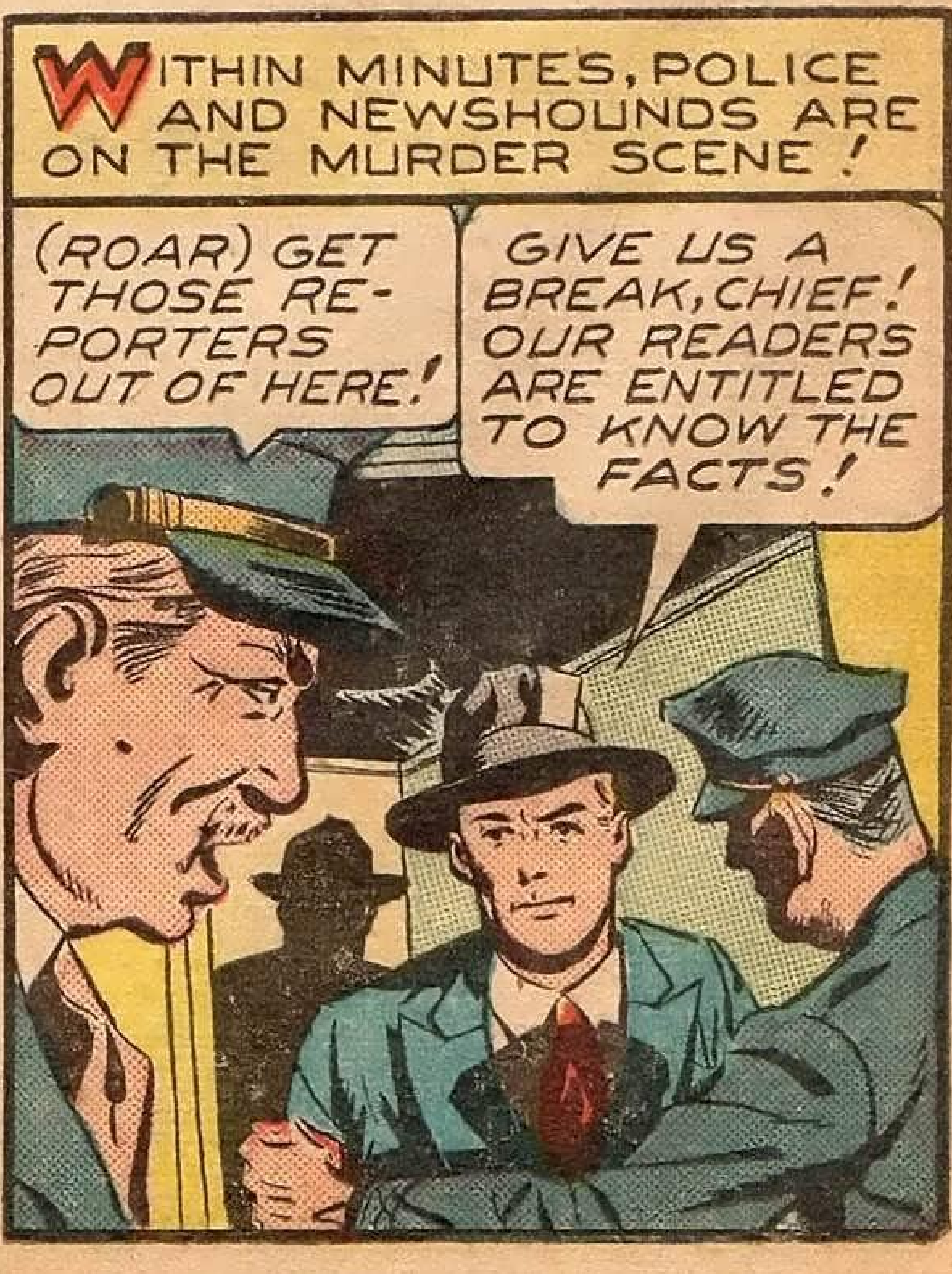
Hank Mason said, "Shucks, Pinky, if you feel that away about accepting the dough, if your conscience is gonna bother you—"

Pinky relaxed. "I know what to do with that money when I get it!" He thought a moment then added, "Danged sure I'm gonna pay off somebody for a grub-stake I got once. I can't remember who but maybe I'm getting forgetful. That's worried me a heap, the last few days!"

THE END


THE PATRIOT
JEFF MACE, ACE REPORTER IN HIS CRIME FIGHTING ROLE OF "THE PATRIOT" TRIES HIS HAND AT SOLVING A PUZZLE---TO FIND IT NO MERE CHILD'S PLAY, BUT HECTIC, TINGLING ADVENTURE IN
The "JIG-SAW DEATH"


YEP, CHIEF! SAME AS THE OTHERS! HE DIED WHILE TRYING TO ASSEMBLE THE PUZZLE! NOT A SIGN OF VIOLENCE AS USUAL! POISON AGAIN, IS MY GUESS!
(GROAN) THREE VICTIMS IN TWO WEEKS! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!


WITHIN MINUTES, POLICE AND NEWSHOUNDS ARE ON THE MURDER SCENE!
(ROAR) GET THOSE REPORTERS OUT OF HERE!
GIVE US A BREAK, CHIEF! OUR READERS ARE ENTITLED TO KNOW THE FACTS!

OKAY! THE FACTS ARE EXACTLY THE SAME AS IN THE OTHER CASES! VICTIM RECEIVED A NOTE DEMANDING A LARGE SUM OF MONEY!
TURNS OVER THE NOTE TO YOU AND IGNORES DEMAND ON YOUR ADVICE!
RIGHT! LIKE THE OTHERS, THE VICTIM RECEIVES A PUZZLE A FEW DAYS LATER AND FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS REASON FAILS TO NOTIFY US!
HOW ABOUT FINISHING THE PUZZLE AND SEEING IF THAT **ONE PIECE** IS MISSING?
PRESS
AT JEFF'S SUGGESTION, THE UNFINISHED JIG SAW IS ASSEMBLED!
ONE PIECE MISSING AS USUAL! EXCUSE ME, BOYS! THE PHONE!
RING!
HMM--QUEER? PRETTY EXPENSIVE BUSINESS MOUNTING THAT PUZZLE ON THICK WOOD INSTEAD OF THE USUAL HEAVY CARDBOARD!
PRESS
WHAT? PRESCOTT, THE BANKER?? OH--O.K.--SURE--! NO HURRY! HA-HA! JUST ROUTINE STUFF! I'LL SEE YOU THERE LATER!
THE CHIEF IS MAKING A PRETTY OBVIOUS ATTEMPT TO HIDE HIS EXCITEMENT! I SMELL SOMETHING BIG!
2

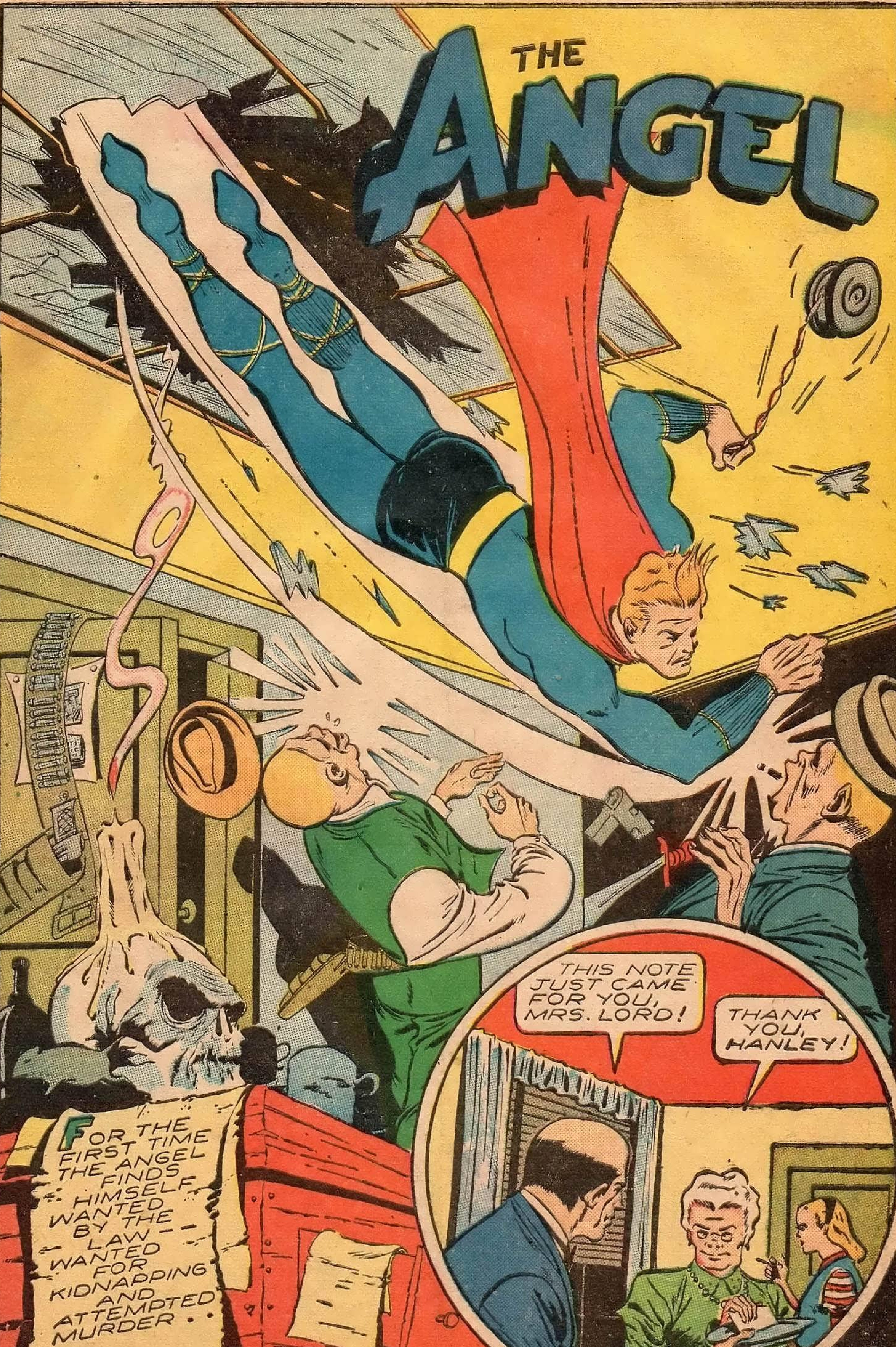
JEFF WATCHING HIS OPPORTUNITY, SLIPS FROM THE SCENE AND RACES TO HIS WAITING CAR!
THE CHIEF WAS QUITE IN A RUSH FOR "ROUTINE STUFF"! I'LL WAGER I WON'T HAVE TOO MUCH TIME ALONE WITH BANKER PRESCOTT, BEFORE THE CHIEF POPS IN ON US!
IF YOU'VE DECIDED TO PAY THE SUM DEMANDED IN THIS NOTE, WHY NOTIFY THE POLICE, MR. PRESCOTT? OH! HELLO, CHIEF!
I DIDN'T! IT WAS THAT FOOL SECRETARY OF MINE---
BUT--BUT--HE SAID HE WAS FROM THE POLICE! THAT'S WHY I TOLD HIM!
YOU! YOU--! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I RUN YOU IN!
SO LONG, CHIEF!
DID A SMART THING IF YOU ASK ME! GUESS THIS IS ONE VICTIM WHO WON'T HAVE TO ASSEMBLE A JIG SAW! HEY! WHERE YOU GOING??
TO RIDE A HUNCH THAT YOU'RE WRONG!
BANKER PAYS RANSOM. JOHN PRESCOTT, BANK PRESIDENT MEETS DEMANDS OF JIG SAW MURDERER, REPUTED TO BE $100.000
LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE VICINITY OF THE PRESCOTT HOME!
SEEMS THE CHIEF IS TAKING NO CHANCES! I'M APPOINTING THE PATRIOT AS PERSONAL GUARD TO PRESCOTT!
THE PATRIOT GOES TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE!
A VISITOR! SEEMS I PICKED THE RIGHT SPOT!

SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, THE PATRIOT FOLLOWS THE MASKED MAN INTO THE HOUSE AND----
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, BUT THIS WILL STOP YOU BEFORE YOU ATTAIN YOUR OBJECTIVE!
DEAD??? FOR HOURS! WHICH EXCLUDES THE POSSIBILITY, THAT THE VISITOR DID IT --- WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE!
NO SIGNS OF VIOLENCE! SAME POISON AS OTHER VICTIMS! BUT HOW IS IT ADMINISTERED?? HANDLING THE PUZZLE COULDN'T DO IT, THE POLICE CHECKED THAT! HELLO! THAT LOOKS LIKE A NOTE!
YOURS WAS A FATAL MISTAKE IN NOTIFYING THE POLICE--THE ATTENDING PUBLICITY WAS EXTREMELY UNDESIRABLE! IN SPITE OF YOUR HAVING PAID THE RANSOM, YOU MUST DIE-- BY ASSEMBLING THE ENCLOSED PUZZLE, YOU WILL LEARN THE TIME AND MANNER OF YOUR DEATH!!!
WHEW! THAT EXPLAINS THE VICTIMS MYSTERIOUS RELUCTANCE TO TELL THE POLICE ABOUT RECEIVING THE PUZZLES! THEY COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO LEARN HOW AND WHEN THEY WERE GOING TO DIE!
CLEAN FORGOT ABOUT THAT MASKED MAN--- HE CAME TO QUICKLY, I'VE SOME QUESTIONS HE CAN ANSWER!

I'LL LET THAT BABY THINK HE'S GETTING AWAY! HE'LL BE LOOKING FOR THE PATRIOT TO TRAIL HIM SO I'LL JUST CHANGE BACK TO JEFF MACE AND TAG ALONG!
FOR THE NEXT HALF HOUR, THE QUARRY TRIES EVERY KNOWN TRICK TO LOSE A TRAILER WITH JEFF, LEECH-LIKE STICKING TO THE TRAIL!
PROBABLY FIGURES HE SHOOK OFF PURSUIT! THAT SIGN ABOVE THE DOOR TIES IN NICELY WITH JIG-SAW PUZZLES --- CLEVER FRONT AT THAT!
STATIONERY-GAMES
TOYS
MOMENTS LATER, THE ESCAPED INTRUDER IS TELLING OF HIS BRUSH WITH THE PATRIOT---
YOU BLITHERING IDIOT! WHY DID YOU COME BACK HERE? HE MAY HAVE TRAILED YOU!
NO --- HE COULDN'T, BOSS! I WAS CAREFUL! THE PATRIOT OR NO ONE ELSE COULDA TRAILED ME!
A SLIGHT ERROR ON YOUR PART! MY---MY! QUITE A COZY LAYOUT AND WITH A JIG-SAW CUTTING DEVICE, AND PICTURES!
THE PATRIOT??? SHOOT! SHOOT, YOU FOOL --- DON'T STAND THERE GAPING!
THIS DESK SHOULD HOLD YOU UNTIL I CAN GET IN CLOSE ENOUGH TO WORK!
LIKE RATS DESERTING A SINKING SHIP --- SOMETHING WE CAN'T PERMIT!

THAT GENTLEMEN WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO MY SPACE DEVOURING SPECIAL, KNOWN AS "THE DOUBLE TAKE-OUT"!!
AFTER A SHORT BATTLE, THE THREE MISCREANTS SURRENDER, AND ARE OFF TO THE POLICE!
THE NEXT DAY, THE PATRIOT APPEARS BEFORE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY TO OFFER HIS EVIDENCE, ONLY TO BE FACED BY A STARTLING TURN IN THE SEEMINGLY COMPLETED CASE!
AS THEIR ATTORNEY, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, I DEMAND THEIR IMMEDIATE RELEASE FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE!
LACK OF EVIDENCE??? WHAT ABOUT ALL THE STUFF FOUND IN THAT WORKSHOP BACK OF THE STORE??
HOW ABOUT THE FACT THAT THIS PUZZLE FROM THE PRESCOTT CASE IS IDENTICAL WITH THOSE FOUND ON THEM?
I CAN PROVE THERE ARE A DOZEN COMPANIES MAKING THEM!
I'M AFRAID WE'RE LICKED UNLESS WE CAN FIND HOW THE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED AND WITH WHAT?
DISMAYED AT THE COLLAPSE OF THE CASE, THE PATRIOT'S MIND CHURNS IN A LAST EFFORT TO SALVAGE VICTORY!! AND THEN..
GOOD-BYE, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY! I WILL PRODUCE MY CLIENTS WHENEVER YOU SO DESIRE!
DIS
AT

WAIT! DON'T LET THEM GO!
THE PATRIOT FIRES A QUESTION, AND RECEIVING A NEGATIVE ANSWER, WHOOPS IN GLEE!
WHY---NO? THE PRESCOTT PUZZLE WAS NEVER ASSEMBLED TO MY KNOWLEDGE!
THEN WE DON'T KNOW IF THAT ONE PIECE IS MISSING?
A FEW TENSE MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE PATRIOT ASSEMBLES THE PUZZLE----
GREAT CAESAR! THE PRESCOTT PUZZLE DIDN'T HAVE THE ONE PIECE MISSING?
EXACTLY! AND THIS IS THE PIECE THAT WAS ALWAYS MISSING IN THE OTHER PUZZLES! AND WE'LL SOON LEARN WHY, I THINK!
WITH BATED BREATH, THE WATCHERS SEE THE PATRIOT PROD AT THE JIG-SAW, THEN SUDDENLY A FAINT CLICK IS HEARD!
CLICK
THERE YOU HAVE IT! A CLEVERLY CONCEALED POISON NEEDLE THAT PRICKS THE VICTIM WHEN HE TRIES TO ASSEMBLE THE PUZZLE!
I'LL CONFESS! I'LL TELL ALL!
REMARKABLE! WHAT LED YOU TO SUSPECT THE PRESCOTT PUZZLE DIDN'T HAVE THE PIECE MISSING?
THE FACT THAT HE SENT HIS MAN INTO THE VICTIM'S HOME---AFTER-- THE VICTIM WAS DEAD! I KNEW THEY WERE AFTER SOMETHING, BUT DIDN'T THINK OF THE MISSING PIECE UNTIL A FEW MINUTES AGO!
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT WAS IMPORTANT TO REMOVE THE PIECE WITH THE POISON SPRING NEEDLE, SO THE POLICE WOULDN'T DISCOVER IT! BESIDES IT WASN'T EASY TO CONSTRUCT ANOTHER! I WANTED IT, SO I COULD USE IT ON OTHER VICTIMS!!
THE END


THE ANGEL
FOR THE FIRST TIME THE ANGEL FINDS HIMSELF WANTED BY THE LAW -- WANTED FOR KIDNAPPING AND ATTEMPTED MURDER.
THIS NOTE JUST CAME FOR YOU, MRS. LORD!
THANK YOU, HANLEY!

AUNT PEG! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
NOTHING IS THE MATTER, GLORIA! JUST A LITTLE BAD NEWS THAT UPSET ME FOR A MOMENT!
THAT EVENING . . .
I'M AFRAID TO DRAW ALL THAT MONEY FROM THE BANK! SOMEONE WILL SURELY SUSPECT SOMETHING'S WRONG!
WHO'S THAT?
DON'T BE AFRAID! IT'S THE ANGEL!
I KNOW ABOUT THAT NOTE AND I'D LIKE TO SEE IT! MAYBE I COULD HELP!
OH -- IF YOU ONLY COULD!
---AND SO THEY WANT $10,000. IN SMALL BILLS LEFT NEAR THE PARK ENTRANCE IN TWO NIGHTS, OR MY NIECE WILL BE KILLED!
WHEW! SOUNDS BUSINESS-LIKE! BUT I HAVE AN IDEA ---
YOU CAN TRUST MY JUDGEMENT! GET THE MONEY AND WE CAN BAIT THE TRAP WITH IT, TOMORROW NIGHT!
I'LL DO IT! BE HERE TOMORROW NIGHT AND THE MONEY WILL BE WAITING!

THE NEXT NIGHT..
HERE'S THE MONEY, ANGEL! GOOD LUCK!
I'LL HAVE THOSE KIDNAPPERS ROUNDED UP IN NO TIME!
..... THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE LEAVES AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT...
NEXT NIGHT...
MADAM! MISS GLORIA IS GONE! SHE'S NOT IN HER ROOM!
THE ANGEL DIDN'T KEEP HIS WORD! MY NIECE MAY BE KILLED! GET THE POLICE RIGHT AWAY!
A KIDNAPPING? OKAY, MRS. LORD. MY MEN WILL BE RIGHT OVER!
LATER -- THE POLICE AND REPORTERS LISTEN TO MRS. LORD'S STORY..
AND I GAVE THE ANGEL THE MONEY, BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE AND MY NIECE IS GONE! THE ANGEL IS RESPONSIBLE!
WOW! WHAT A STORY THIS IS!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, THE ANGEL'S JUST AS MUCH OF A CROOK AND BLACKMAILER AS THE WORST OF THEM, BUT HE'S BEEN TOO SLICK THIS TIME!
YOUR RIGHT, SNYDER!
INSPECTOR MCBRIDE SAYS--
DETECTIVE SNYDER SAID THE RIGHT THING! THE ANGEL MUST BE BROUGHT IN--IF WE HAVE TO USE EVERY MAN TO DO IT!
TWO HOURS LATER, THE ANGEL'S APARTMENT..
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT IS THIS?
DAILY REFLECTOR
THE ANGEL SOUGHT BY POLICE
THE ANGEL IS WANTED FOR KIDNAPPING
OPEN UP! THIS IS THE POLICE!
I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
KNOCK KNOCK
THE ANGEL CLAMOURS DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE AND LEAPS TO THE GROUND AS THE POLICEMEN OPEN FIRE...
ZING
ZING

I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT AT MRS. LORD'S PLACE TO CLEAR MYSELF! THIS LOOKS BAD!
ENOUGH COPS TO STOP A RIOT! BUT I'VE GOT TO GET IN THAT HOUSE! SOME HOW!
THEN . .
HERE'S HOPING I MAKE IT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER . .
VOICES! MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING!

YOU SENT FOR ME, MRS. LORD?
YES, DETECTIVE SNYDER! ANOTHER NOTE CAME DEMANDING ANOTHER $10,000. OR MY NIECE WILL DIE!
OKAY! THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE TO NAIL OUR MAN! WE'LL LEAVE THE MONEY IN THE CLEARING NEAR THE MILL, JUST AS IT DEMANDS TONIGHT! OUR BOY'S WILL DO THE REST!
GREAT SCOTT! A CHANCE TO CLEAR MYSELF!
LATER . .
I THINK I'LL KEEP THAT LITTLE APPOINTMENT TONIGHT, TOO!
SUDDENLY . .
THERE HE IS NOW!

SMACK
WELL, ANGEL! LOOKS LIKE WE GOT YOU RIGHT ON THE SPOT! DID YOUR PARTNER CLIP YOU AND SCRAM?
LATER—AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS . .
ALRIGHT, LET'S GET STARTED! WHAT'S YOUR STORY, ANGEL?
I'LL GIVE YOU A STORY! THE KIDNAPPER, WHO'S ALSO TRYING TO FRAME ME, IS RIGHT IN THIS ROOM!

---AND HERE IS THE EVIDENCE I JUST GOT BEFORE THE KIDNAPPER KNOCKED ME OUT!
THE ANGEL LEAPS AT DETECTIVE SNYDER AND ----
THERE'S YOUR MAN, INSPECTOR!
YOU'RE CRAZY! I'LL LET YOU HAVE -----
I OWE YOU THIS!
OKAY! I DID IT -- I SAW A WAY TO GET SOME QUICK MONEY AND GET THE ANGEL TOO! I ALWAYS HATED HIM FOR GETTING ALL THE GLORY IN THIS TOWN! AND THE GIRL IS SAFE -- SHE'S RIGHT IN HER OWN HOUSE HIDDEN IN THE CELLAR!
WE'RE SORRY, ANGEL, THAT YOU WERE SUSPECTED, BUT THAT GUY SET UP A SMART CASE!
THAT'S ALLRIGHT, INSPECTOR! HE MADE ME LOOK LIKE A PRETTY DESPERATE CHARACTER FOR AWHILE!
THE END

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